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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE CORN DOCTOR OF GOTHAM.

AN EXPERT WHO WHITTLES TOES AND NEVER LOSES A CHANCE TO TAKE A HACK AT THE HEART OF ANY PATIENT WHOSE SENTIMENTS ARE AS TENDER AS HER FEET.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

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#### A FREE GIFT SUPPLEMENT.

With No. 285 of the  
**POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK,**  
which will be published on Feb. 27, 1883, we shall present, free, a superb supplement sheet, 33x40 in., suitable for framing, giving pictorial illustration of the last round of each fight in the prize ring career of the world's famous pugilist, Tom Sayers. This we promise shall be the most perfect specimen of the engraver's art yet issued from the POLICE GAZETTE establishment, which has already won a high reputation for superb work. The demand for No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE with which this superb supplement is to be given away will be, undoubtedly, very great, and therefore the increase of orders of agents and subscribers should be sent in early.

The POLICE GAZETTE is now Returnable to the Trade. Dealers should always keep a supply on hand.

RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

THE biggest thing yet. The grand supplement to be given free with No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE, out Feb. 27.

THE theatres of New York and its vicinity need a careful looking after. There's going to be another fire and general roasting of an audience if these managers are to be allowed to have their own way. What do they care?

In the late "purring" or shin kicking match at Camden, N. J., the victor couldn't be said to have done up his antagonist brown. Judging from the raw condition of the latter's shins we should say he had served him up rare for a stake.

SLADE, the Maori pugilist, has made a long journey in hunting for a fighter able to give him a warm reception. When he meets Sullivan, though, he cannot say he could have gone further and fared worse if it is fight he is looking for. There is plenty of it in that sturdy young man who hails from Boston and those who think we forget it make a big mistake.

THERE'S too much talk about the American hamfatters who slogged the English fakes in Union Square on New Year's eve. Whether the hamfatter slogs the fake or the fake heels the hamfatter is immaterial to the decent public. It would be small loss if both fakes and hamfatters should emulate the Kilkenny cats, with this improvement, that they should leave no tales of them behind.

THE young girl of wealthy parents now droppeth to a new racket. She goeth forth with a young man on a crooked path and wanders the flowery by-ways for a week or two and then returneth with the story that she was abducted and held for a ransom. And the old man believeth it, but the wicked world taketh a tumble, it droppeth to the maiden's racket, and saith the situation is too thin. But the maiden hath the bulge and she starteth off again as good as new. And of such are the kingdom of heaven—that is, after the parsons have manipulated the angels.

THERE is a boom in breach of promise and seduction cases for damages at present. Since Miss Livingston got her \$75,000 verdict the other day there has been a general rush of injured female innocence into court. The number of young women who have been seduced and who have set a money value on that fragile bric-a-brac adornment of woman, her virtue, is astonishing. We didn't think virtue and innocence came so high until we began to figure up the claims presented in one week. These things are going to be beyond the reach of poor men if this thing goes on and some bold and enterprising monopolist, we have no doubt, will some day plan a disastrous corner in virgins, to the disgust and discomfort of the lecherous young millionaires who amuse themselves by hunting such "small dears."

A BROOKLYN mechanic who was "broke" and wanted to get his tools out of pawn borrowed fifty cents from his pastor the other day and they arrested him for swindling. The parson prosecuted. Moral—Don't ask a favor of a Brooklyn parson. Those fellows pinch a trade dollar till the goddess screams.

LOOK out for No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE, which will be out Feb. 27. It will be accompanied by the largest pictorial supplement, fit for framing, ever given with a newspaper.

A PROJECT is on foot to dig a tunnel under the City Hall park in New York to accommodate the traffic by the new bridge. If the sanguine chaps who are putting up for this excavation expect to realize soon they are much mistaken. That bridge isn't going to be finished in such short order, for the gang hasn't filled all its sacks yet and some of their relatives remain yet to be enriched. The tunnel fellows will find themselves "in a hole" indeed if they begin to dig right away.

WE've heard of the tradition prevalent among immigrants that they can pick up gold in the streets of this country, but there is only one city in which we have heard of the actual verification of this pleasant belief. This is Leadville, for there Sergeant J. L. Connelly presented the other day to a correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE a rich nugget, the finest taken out of California Gulch, at the head of Harrison avenue in that golden town. Of course they raise princes on a soil where princely gifts lie around loose to the hand—hence Connelly.

THERE are two tough hamfattening minstrels in New York, Birch & Backus, fellows of the most antiquated, mouldy and played out style of talent, who seem to be putting out a few dollars where they will do the most good. They own all the correspondents for the out-of-town papers, and use them to lure the green country men into their show. Among all the dangers of New York there is none so great as this. Other rackets only clean out the pocket of the victim, while this one scoops out his brains and makes him a candidate for the lunatic asylums.

THE elopement rage in the west is getting a pretty severe set back. The crusty old parents are getting the drop on rapid transit Lothario. One old man in Chicago on the 13th inst. cowhided a young man within an inch of his life when he caught him in the trysting place waiting to elope with his daughter. When it was discovered that the young man had a wife already in another city the daughter revived from her faint, said it served him right and laid on a few lashes for herself. The young man has gone to the hospital crushed as well as mashed and the eloping maiden is looking for a new hero of romance to skip with, while pa hangs around on the periphery of the halo that surrounds her in the eyes of the young fellows, with his rawhide in his grip and blood in his eye.

THE persons who send us printed slips for blackmailing purposes had better drop. We do not run this paper with items of experiment to test how long prominent men will stand before low-lived blackguardism and dirty innuendoes before they will "come down." That is not our idea of journalism. The next person who makes such a mistake in regard to us will be exposed in print. We have been provoked to this exhibition of feeling by the confidences of a party in Washington, who has had the assurance to propose that we illustrate an alleged scandalous scene in Washington, with the assurance that the prominent official concerned will come down handsomely to suppress the story. The manager of the scheme wants to be guaranteed over \$200 from the proceeds. To say that we are mad over this proposition does not express it at all. We'll pillory some of these blackmailing hyenas yet—see if we don't.

THE POLICE GAZETTE has another feather in its cap. It has caused the arrest of another murderer. Officer Henry Mansfield of Chico, Cal., who reads this lively journal carefully and studies its pictures with a professional interest, was enabled on Dec. 31, by means of our excellent portrait of the Oregon murderer, G. W. Smith, to identify him and to win for himself the reward of \$1,000 offered by the Oregon authorities for the arrest of the criminal. What have our enemies, the hypocritical churchmen, to say to that? What more powerful factor is there for the repression of crime or its punishment than the POLICE GAZETTE? We would like to hear something on this subject just now from the chuckleheaded parsons who edit the religious papers and who deary us as a veritable son of Satan, bent on fostering every species of vice and crime. The lars and sneaks! They will crawl into their holes now; they dare not come out and fight like men. They only stab in the back. But our banner is flung to the breeze! There's the POLICE GAZETTE record, without a spot on it, let who may attempt to besmirch it.

AN Idaho hunter has the cheek to come back with the yarn that he has discovered in the wilderness a cave that lays way over the Luray or the Mammoth, and says he saw in it a heathen idol of silver and gold with natural gas jets spouting out of its head. And yet he didn't bring out a single specimen of the idol for assaying. Why, any chump of an Idaho man would have shouldered the entire idol and brought it out with him to tell its own story. What's this chap giving us?

As we said, the moral, religious and blatant patriotic faction doesn't come to the front with alacrity to furnish funds for the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue of Liberty. They are waiting for us wicked fellows to come forward and put up the funds. These rich people are very good, extremely moral, painfully religious and noisily patriotic until these virtues are likely to cost them something; then they fade into the background until some wicked person has filled the breach, when they come out again and claim all the credit. Oh, we've got those fellows down fine, you bet. They don't deceive us for a cent.

IT strikes us that Mr. Henry Fleming is, to say the least of it, a very queer person. Failing to make out that the girl, Miss Livingston, whom he had seduced, was a common woman and the inmate of a bawdy house from the time she was an infant, having sworn he had heard she was such a woman twenty years ago, while she is now only twenty-one years of age, he gets a coachman to come forward with a lot of compromising letters of hers. These letters are written in the most ungrammatical and awkward style, whereas Miss Livingston's missives to Fleming were beautiful specimens of florid rhetoric and orthographical correctness. We don't believe Miss Livingston ever wrote them and we don't think Fleming can get any jury to think so, either. He had better drop. The further he goes on this line the worse will be his situation. If we were, by some impossible combination of events that would change our nature utterly, to find ourself in the hole in which this young millionaire is firmly lodged at present, we should pay up that \$75,000 for the privilege of crawling out as soon as possible. It's doubtful that he is so wise, though.

DEATH-BED confessions by murderers are now in vogue. They are of the most thrilling, hair-raising kind, too. It is the dramatic spirit of the age, it seems, that a man shall aspire to make his exit from the world's stage in a grand lurid climax that shall startle everyone and bring down the curtain on the last act of his drama of life with a thrill of horror pervading the auditorium occupied by the rest of the world. These melodramas of the death-bed each exceed the other in horrors so regularly that we begin to suspect that their effects are strained and that the defunct have lied to get themselves placed in the central position in the red fire tableau. The villains who have died lately and who have told yarns of slaughter and villainy with their last breath have painted themselves too bad for belief. We won't have it. We knew this world is pretty blamed bad and that there are lots of villains in it but the genuine article is not the sort that wants to figure in the headlines of a wildcat newspaper. Somebody, we opine, is relying on his imagination for his facts—either the reporter or the corpse.

A FREE gift to our subscribers. Look out for it. The grand supplement illustrating each of the prize fights of Tom Sayers, with a fine central portrait of the great pugilist. Given free with No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE, out Feb. 27th.

THERE'S one English lord in New York who has been "fresher" and more blasted impudent than any of the titled mob we have ever seen on this side of the pond. Mylud Mandeville had better drop on himself, put the soft pedal down and play his airs pianissimo. He had better keep out of bad company, too, drop the snide actors of his acquaintance and take the advice of the POLICE GAZETTE in good part. We don't care a darn for him or for any other lordling or his master. This is an American newspaper, with all that the term implies, and we counsel his "ludship" not to forget it when he talks loud about what he thinks of or proposes to do with us. Because a lot of "cads" and snide American aristocrats toady these lords when they come over here they mustn't make the mistake that the American people are all of the same kind. The POLICE GAZETTE represents an immense patronage that is quite the reverse of that sort and it is the natural enemy of "mylud's" class. We are not likely to take any "guff" from anybody, especially from the nobility from over the water. When the POLICE GAZETTE puts on its war paint and goes for the coterie of noble lords sojourning here and their toadying American admirers the procession is pretty apt to move at the pace we prescribe. Steer clear of us, "mylud," if you don't wish to get a journalistic slogging. That's just where the POLICE GAZETTE stands on this high society question of the nobility and we don't care a darn.

#### SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

A BAD second—A Quaker in a duel.

A PLAY should be judged by its acts.

As tight trousers are now going out of style the young swells can have them stuffed with sand and sell them to the police for clubs.

"THIS insurance policy is a queer thing," said Dobbs, reflectively. "If I can't sell it, I caucel it, and, if I cancel it, I can't sell it."

A FASHION journal says that cloaks lined with ostrich feathers are now in style. Men who can pay for these cloaks are always in style.

In cold weather the choicest seats in the congregation are those nearest the stoves, and yet people are supposed to go to church to escape fire.

"WHISTLERS are always good-natured," says a philosopher. Everybody knew that. It's the folks that have to listen to the whistling that get ugly.

SOME idea of the size of Queen Victoria's carriage can be formed from the report that at a recent review it took the English troops forty minutes to pass it.

"WELL, my lad," said an old gentleman to a carpenter's apprentice, "how much do you earn a week?" "I dunno what I earns, but I know what I gets," was the reply.

"I HAVE no wealth," she said; "I can give you only my hand and heart." And then he thought that if her heart was as big as her hand, she was indeed wealthy.

LITTLE Lottie to her friend: "I have so many cares. Yesterday a little baby sister arrived and papa is on a journey. It was but a piece of luck that mamma was at home to take care of it."

A LONDON dentist uses a small incandescent carbon lamp to illuminate the cavity of the mouth during dental operations. A torchlight procession would be required for Talmage's facial cavity.

A PHILADELPHIA boarding house keeper won't take any but pretty girls and susceptible young men. Those who fall in love are seated together at the table, and of course lose their appetites. She is getting rich.

MARY ANDERSON considers a "wreath of shining green leaves a jewel of more value than all the gold of earth." Suppose people should try to buy seats at her performance with green leaves? Guess she would change her mind.

"If you would be truly happy, my dear," said one New York lady to another, "you will have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from the club." "Yes, I know," answered the other, wearily, "but what am I to do with my nose?"

"SARY SIMPSON, who's that old 'un?"

Is he, Sary, your dear father?"

"No, indeed, my dear Marler."

He's my lover—more's the bother?

Not my sire, but my sigher."

A REPORTER interviewed a prize fat woman whose weight is 720 pounds. When asked, "Do you still claim to be the largest fat woman in the world?" she frigidly replied: "Excuse me, sir, but I do not recognize the title. I am said to be the largest lady of exhibition."

A BRIGHT little girl noticing among the company at her father's residence on a certain occasion, a gentleman whose face was considerably pock-marked, seemed much struck with his appearance, and after the company retired inquired who the "moth-eaten gentleman" was.

"WHY do women so often wander aimlessly in the murky solitudes of the dead past brooding over days forever gone?" asks a correspondent, and we give it up, unless it be that she hopes by ransacking the dead past to find that in the wardrobe of the aforesaid dead past she may find something suitable to work up into a rag carpet.

A YOUNG Italian dispenser of dull-set strains was giving the inmates of a house a taste of his quality, when the servant girl opened the front door and impudently exclaimed: "Oh, give us a rest!" "Don't know to rest," replied the embryo troubadour from the glorious Etruscan land, "but I will play to first part o'er again once more!"

It was but a simple pin, in a chair, and the little boy did grin like a bear when the teacher took a seat, and in manner very fleet flew a half a hundred feet in the air. This the teacher doth annoy, and he chants, and no pardon to the boy quick he grants. But he grabs the indiscreet little boy and him doth beat till he rather spoils the seat of his "pants."

"THERE is a young man in the parlor wishes to see you, miss," remarked the hall door attendant. "Did he bring anything with him; any box or parcel?" "Only a cane, miss." "Did his coat tails rattle when he walked as if there was a package of candy in his pocket?" "Nothing of the sort, miss." "Then tell him I've gone to visit a sick friend and I won't be home for a week," returned the fair girl, falling back into a horizontal position and resuming her perusal of "Truth Stranger than Fiction; or, The Liar Unmasked."

A MAIDEN fair lives over the way,  
The gutter is muddy, the steps are steep.  
O, where is the young man, stylish and gay,  
That maiden's comp'ny w'no used to keep?  
Hath he sailed o'er the seas and fickle prov'd,  
Or had he been shook by his own belov'd?  
Ah! a sadder fate 'twas his to meet—  
The gutter is muddy, the steps are steep.  
The old man booted him out in the street,  
And laid him away in the gutter to sleep;  
The maiden mourneth over the way,  
And the young man buyeth armicay.

The old French banker, Pont, was by no means lacking in presence of mind, as is indicated by the following anecdote: Once upon a time, in a crowded church, he felt some one brush against him and then missed his watch. Knowing that the thief could not have gone very far he contented himself by remarking aloud: "Well, if that isn't the first time I ever knew one of our fellows to rob another one of the gang." His confidence was not misplaced, for as he was going out a well-dressed gentleman slipped the time piece into his hand, with the words: "Excuse me, sir! I didn't know you belonged to the perfish!"



## STAGE WHISPERS.

Some Piquant Dramatic Chat and a Few Broad and Spicy Hints.

Why Charley Thorne Got Sick and Frank Frayne Forestalled Salmi Morse With a Passion Play.

THE Birch & Backus burnt cork snides have a barlesque on "Iolanthe." It is called "High and Lengthy." Funny, isn't it? Oh, what side-splitting fun! What witty old cove! As all their fun is of the style of the specimen given, our readers who visit their den of alleged fun and are made miserable will do so with their eyes wide open and will have no one to blame for it but themselves, for we have given them fair warning.

THE case of Osmond Tearle is becoming ridiculous. Why should the real American hamfatters be permitted to destroy the peace of mind of the reputable part of the dramatic profession and the public? The fellows who are making this ado are just what Mr. Tearle in his cups called them—"hamfatters." He is an English "fake" and snide actor and the antagonists are well matched. Let them hire a room and fight it out where decent people will hear no more about it. The mob on each side is getting too much advertising out of the cooked up row.

A NEW YORK dramatic critic, who professes to know it all, wrote, a few Sundays ago, "Fanny Herring is playing 'The French Spy.' The old girl still fills out a pair of thighs very well." Apropos of this an actress said to us the other day, "Why don't these critics post themselves? Everybody who knows anything or whoever played with Fannie in the Bowery knows she always padded. Of course she fills out her thighs as well as she ever did and she can keep on doing it." Really, our dramatic critics have much to learn, especially about actresses.

THE papers begin to notice with what vigor McCullough kisses Kate Forsythe on the stage. That's nothing. Kate is luckier than the rest if she stands him off with a kiss. We have our opinion, though, of a fellow like this McCullough, who will humiliate a woman on the stage by giving her a smack with the suction of a fire engine. Maybe he doesn't think the wicked public "in front" makes unkind inferences, but it does and its inferences are of the kind that are "unfit for publication." This is getting reputation as a "mascher" very cheaply and very meanly, it strikes us. The kisses she is compelled to receive are probably counted among her professional duties and she is paid for the indignity. If she objects she will lose her engagement. Genial John knows this and claims all his sweetmeats every time, you bet.

THEY are full of the dramatic festival in Cincinnati, and they have a stage struck General managing the affair. It is to be really a festival for Mary Anderson, John McCullough and Larry Brannigan Barrett. The rest will have no sort of a chance. The whole business is ridiculous, and we're betting it will end in a fight between the rival women who are fastened about the necks of the alleged stars and others who are to take part in the affair. The plays selected for "festival" purposes are "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Caesar," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Othello" and "Hamlet." Can't you see the nigger in the fence in that selection? There's no room there for any one but Mary, John and Larry. All the rest will have to be fakes and supers to keep below the calibre of the alleged "stars" for whose glorification the festival has been gotten up.

DALY didn't make a go of that comedy of Colley Cibber's, "She Would and She Wouldn't." He got it up to give Miss Ada Rehan a chance to disport in romantic situations and natty Spanish male attire. Strangely enough everything Daly gets up seems to be for the benefit of Miss Rehan. He thought that Ada in male attire would "go." He thought she "would" but he found she wouldn't. Hers was the most awkward attempt to wear the breeches that we ever witnessed. Mr. Jim Lewis' playing, of *Trippanti*, a part which if left artfully to its own impulse would play itself, was frightfully buffoonish. What's the matter with Lewis? Is he in training for a circus clown to match Nat Goodwin? He once showed signs of comedy talent but of late the influence of old signs and the flavors of the latter's private office seem to have affected Jim's mugs and twisted his face up into a perpetual clown's make up.

NELLIE LINGARD has made a hit over the western circuits during the past two seasons and promises to develop into a fine character comedy actress. We are glad of this. She is the daughter of an actor who was an old timer—Jim Lingard, who made two fortunes in the New Bowery Theatre during the war and allowed a lot of alleged sports and gamblers to get away with all he had, leaving him only the bare honor of being called a jolly good fellow. He who used to "stake" all the fast young men and sports of the period and who used to throw handfuls of pennies on the sidewalk in front of his theatre to be scrambled for by the street urchins, saw the time when he could not borrow a dollar. His rise and fall occurred within ten years. His daughter has been left to the drudgery of the profession and it is reassuring to find that in spite of the many obstacles nowadays to the success of a young woman who really works for her living in the profession, she is advancing and coming into prominence through the force of merit alone.

WHILE Salmi Morse has been fighting successive mayors and all the bigoted churchmen for a license to put his Biblical spectacle on the stage, all the snide hamfatters and the tenth rate stars have been getting up passion plays of their own to take advantage of his advertising and to roll to the front on the wave of religious plays that is likely to sweep over the land if he ever gets a chance to run a season of his spectacle in New York. All the bum dramatists are busily engaged in dramatizing the Bible and the quality of play they will produce will be something rich, you may depend. Among the rest Frank Frayne intends to come out with one. He has what he calls a "ripper," entitled, "Judas; or, Scribes and Pharisees," in which he has got a "daisy part, cull," and which will probably afford the public some new light on life in the times of the New Testament. Frank expects to try this on in Baltimore and if he escapes with his life will risk it further in the wild west in the same play.

AREN'T we a prophet? Didn't we say that Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe" wouldn't catch on? It didn't. It is not to be run for a year, as was first stated. They are preparing a new opera at the Standard and the present attraction (?) will be withdrawn and permanently shelved in a couple of weeks. The next thing, of course, will be something English. If an American had been the author of such a failure as "Iolanthe" there would have been a great outcry and it would have been the excuse for the managers for never, under any circumstances, giving an American libretto or musical score a reading, much less a hearing. The bottom has been pretty completely knocked out of that Gilbert & Sullivan tub, though. It has been shown that when they got up "Pinafore" they wrote all they knew and everything they have done since has been a paraphrase of the same old witicisms and a remodelling of the same old burlesque effects. The jig is up: "Iolanthe" is the feather that breaks the camel's back.

THE success of Edwin Booth in Berlin in "Hamlet" will send over next summer all the jealous snide tragedians who follow closely on his heels in everything except talent. McCullough and Barrett will worry the Berliners during their vacation and will tempt the Dutchmen to make them contributions of aged eggs and over ripened vegetables. Booth has great talent, justifying his success abroad. There is nothing wonderful in that. Genius is of all nations and its language is universal. The jealous partisans of McCullough have made it a point to sneer at Booth's "Hamlet" and decry his art generally, but he goes right along all the same winning recognition in many lands and carrying with him the favorable judgment of the most intelligent men. When the snides who allege themselves tragedians and buy newspaper writers to ring their title into the ears of the people develop some brain power they may hope to follow a little way in Edwin's track; but as far as they have got the whole caboodle isn't fit to lace his shoes. They have the power—the brain. Force will take its grovelling place—mentality will soar. And that's what's the matter with Edwin and his would-be imitators.

THAT queer crank, Steele Mackaye, is popping his head up again from under the bushel which has concealed him for some time. Again he talks of building a theatre in New York with all sorts of new-fangled improvements that will leave the Madison Square dumb waiter stage in the shade altogether. He can't find a wealthy person as ready to risk his stamps on him as was brother Mallory and therefore we don't think Steele will have a chance to put his wild theories into practice. He hasn't written any dramas lately, either. Since he turned that old play, "The Willow Copse" into "Hazel Kirke" he has done nothing. That he could take an old play that Boucault had originally pirated from the French drama, "La Closerie des Genets," and not only make a hit with it but escape all inquiry seems to have paralyzed him. He didn't think the public were such an ass as to feed on thistles and believe the fodder clover on his and Parson Mallory's word. He is afraid to try it on again for fear of breaking the charm. That's why he wants to build a hotel and a theatre in one, instead of tempting fate with further lucubrations. He is one of those fellows, who having escaped a great danger with some profit to himself, remains for the rest of his life in rapt amazement and awe at the failure of the public to choke him off when it had the chance.

THE funniest thing on record is Charley Thorne's sudden illness and retirement from the cast of the "Corsican Brothers" at Booth's. Too sick to play, was he? Well, that may be, but we opine any actor who aspired to be a star on the plane with the tragic Forrest and Keen or the melodramatic Fechter would be sick when he found his manager making him the centre of a spectacular show piece and surrounding him with clowns and high kickers, like the Loretas and other variety attractions that were rammed into the ball scene of that play. Possibly Stetson didn't know any better himself, but he should have selected better advisers. The man who told him to treat Thorne in that way must be a remorseless practical joker, for he selected the very means of all others to make Charley mad. If Stetson had read his POLICE GAZETTE carefully for several weeks before the production of the play he would have got a profitable pointer in regard to the management of his new star. After this, we have no doubt, he will agree that we know whereof we speak and that the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE are bristling with gems in the form of "points" which the wise know enough to pick up and realize on. If Stetson had gone prospecting in our columns and had assayed our rich dramatic ore he would have struck it rich in his dramatic mine and would not have got left so badly and obliged to fall back on such "tailings" and mining refuse as F. C. Bangs and Theodore Hamilton, whom he is trying to make something out of after losing Thorne.

WHEN the present season began the Lee Avenue Academy of Music was opened in Williamsburg, by Edward Price, the lawyer, and Jake Berry. They have run it thus far as a first class combination theatre under the direction of Gus Phillips, but there has been war between the managers, Price wishing to go on with the place as a reputable theatre, and Berry desiring to transform it into a low order of variety theatre, such as he has been accustomed to managing. This has started a bitter quarrel, and one of the first steps has been the removal of Phillips, whose excellent management has made the place a "go" thus far. He has been replaced in the position of business manager by a carpenter, the son of Captain Woglom, of the Williamsburg police, who never had anything to do with a theatre until Berry appointed him to sell tickets in the box office. Price insists that his partner shall either buy out or sell out, and a rumpus is in full rage all around. The business of the house is good but this quarrelling may throw it back considerably. Price is too intelligent for his partner, and should never have allowed himself to be harnessed in such company. He is a different kind of animal altogether. The Williams snide at the Williamsburg "Novelty," is hugging himself in delight at these signs of an earthquake in the rival house that has taken the wind out of his sails this season. It's a lucky thing for him that the other fellows are fighting among themselves, throwing their experienced pilots overboard and promoting lubber carpenters to be helmsmen.

THE Frohman family have been living on the drama in New York and over the dramatic circuits for the past six years. They popped up at that time and by hanging on to the coat tails of Jack Haverly, who was darning through the firmament doing celestial flip-flaps as a meteor they were lugged into prominence. Having got so high they knew enough to abandon the meteor when it paled its fires and show-

ed signs of "dropping" and glued themselves to fixed stars. They form a "milky way" of Hebrew histrionics in the dramatic heavens and take good care to come out right side up every time. They have got their hooks in on every side in their wily Hebrew fashion and mainly through their efforts Thespis is putting on a curved nose, Hebrew aspect in general. Even in Parson Mallory's theatre they have made the children of Israel assert themselves and their influence is visible in the most unexpected quarters. They and the Heymann Brothers, known theatrically as the Mann Brothers, have started out to make the whole drama Hebrew and to feather their nests while they do it. The drama has come to a pretty pass indeed. If you go to Wallace or Henderson or Palmer for an engagement you will be flung out of doors if you have not a broad English inflection in your voice. If you go to the Madison Square or to any of its traveling companies you will be inspected for the physical brand of a well regulated "sheeny." If you haven't that you will get no show on the stage. The new Jew managers are all Herods who are determined to slaughter Christian American art in its infancy. We make this statement to account for the preponderance of Jew noses on the stage and of Sheeny manners in the box office and the manager's policy. Don't believe it when the puzzled old stager says, "The devil's in the drama." It's the Frohman family who have got into it.

SAM HICKEY is tinkering away at the New York Alcazar, transforming the place from a beer saloon into a theatre. He has announced that a certain E. M. Stuart will remain as his business manager. We remark that whatever are the mutations of the place this wily little Briton always sticks. This is something wonderful when we remark that he has no special talent as a theatrical man and doesn't amount to much generally. He was an officer in the English army until he found a better racket in being the husband of an actress. He married Amy Fawcett, who had a position at the very head of her profession in London. Then there came a blight on the woman. She began to drink, the uncharitable gossips said. The Augustin Daly engaged her as the leading lady of his Fifth Avenue (28th street) Theatre. She came over and brought with her her husband. She played only three nights at Daly's and then was retired. It was the rumor of the green-room and the lobbies that the actress went on the stage in a boozey state of bibulousness and for that reason her manager cancelled her contract. However that may have been, she at once fell ill in a wretched New York boarding house and died, they say, in absolute want. Stuart then married Maud Branscombe and ever since has been a fixture in front of the up town theatres, although he is of no earthly good and has never been known to transact any business for the establishments. He has been attached to the Standard, to McCaull's Bijou and right along to the Alcazar. We should like to know the secret of this. What influence have these imported and untalented cockneys that barnacle them on the Thespian tub? Why is it that so close a manager as Henderson was induced to employ him as a fifth wheel to a coach—a do-nothing luxury to the front of his house? Why did McCaull find it wise to crowd him into the front of his little theatre at a good salary for doing nothing? There is some deep mystery under this boom of unheard-of and unimportant Britons. This English racket is working so well now that if you are competent to fill a salaried position in front of a theatre the easiest way to secure it is to go to London and induce some nobleman to interest himself in your behalf. It has got so, too, that whenever a nobleman has designs on a young girl and a brother stands in the way he can get the latter out of the way by securing a position for him in the management of a New York theatre. Convenient, isn't it? But this Stuart queeriness is of a different sort. We don't understand it at all and we would like to know, you know.

A WEEK OR SO ago there was a panic at the Union Square Theatre. During the performance smoke began to pour into the auditorium from the music room under the stage and the audience undertook a wild rush for the doors. They were quieted, however, and retreated without any injury being done. "Sphinx" Palmer made an address from the stage to the effect that there was no danger and felt quite hurt when the newspapers demanded explanations of the affair. The airs of this fellow! The public should sit down and risk a roasting at his request, eh? Does he think he can play this twice in one decade? He was the manager of the Brooklyn Theatre when it was burned. This identical thing happened. Smoke poured out to the auditorium. The audience took alarm and began to vacate the theatre. The fresh stage manager and Miss Claxton rushed before the curtain and begged the audience to resume their seats, saying there was no danger. This delayed the rush and many returned to their seats, to be roasted alive (over three hundred of them, mark you) while the manager and the actress hastened out of the stage door. Mr. Palmer has a great deal of cheek to go before an audience and ask them to sit quietly and wait to see whether they are to be roasted, on his word, with this record fresh in their minds. The man who sees smoke coming from under the stage or any other part of a city theatre and doesn't make a rush for the door and take the nearest way out is an ass. The Union Square was really in danger of being burned on this occasion. Palmer himself acknowledges that there was something in the smoke after all. According to his account, which must be taken with a grain of salt, of course, a musician hung his balze fiddle bag in a gas jet. The bag got on fire and dropping on a settee in the music room set it in flames while the musicians were wrestling with the overture. The fire was extinguished but the smoke could not be kept out of the auditorium. This is Palmer's story and he is hopping mad because we wink and shrug our shoulder; when he tells it and because the public will persist in rushing when they see smoke, taking the fire for granted. Evidently the public has lost faith in the professions of that management before the curtain since the Brooklyn fire. They're going to wait for no more experiments in roasting. If people are wise enough to take our advice they will skip out expeditiously on the first sign of a fire in a theatre, no matter what fresh and sapient individual may command them to stop. This talk about calmness and quiet and delay in the face of such an awful death is all humbug and the people who advance the theory would be the last to adopt it if they were in the third row of the parquet in a burning theatre.

A BAND of desperate robbers signaled the coming of the new year by capturing and despoiling the town of Deep Creek, Utah. They gutted the stores, broke open all the safes, and rode out of town with all the horses belonging to the little community.

## BROADBRIM GETS IN HIS FINEWORK

A Quaker Exhorter of Monroe County, O., Elopes with and Marries a Thirteen Year Old Miss.

[With Portrait.]

A correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE at Mt. Gilead writes us under date January 3, the following particulars of a case which we have briefly alluded to already. Our correspondent writes: Three weeks ago little Mary Long, a pretty miss, only thirteen years of age, was carried off from her beautiful and elegant home in Harmony township, Ohio, by the son of a near neighbor, George Wesley Green, a young man twenty-three years of age, an exhorter in the Quaker church just south of this city, and taken to Jonesville, Mich., and married. Miss Long is the only daughter of Lewis Long, a wealthy and exceedingly eccentric old farmer, and will soon become the heiress of \$10,000 worth of property and the finest farm in Morrow County. The girl left her home late at night, was met by Green in a carriage only a short distance from her father's home, and was taken to Cardington, ten miles distant, where they took a midnight train.

Mr. Long searched about a week for his recreant and undutiful daughter, when he casually learned of her marriage to the hypocritical Green at the Mosher House, in Jonesville, Mich., on the Thursday just preceding Christmas.

The aged parents on receipt of this news were almost crazed with grief, but the old man's ire was also excited at the same time. He came to this city, engaged the services of a young attorney, and in company with him started out on a hunt for his little fugitive, Mr. Long himself never before having been outside of the county. They were gone one week, having visited Greenwich and Toledo, Ohio, Jonesville, Mich., and Korunna, Kuldaville and Waterloo, Ind., and on the evening of December 30 the missing couple were found at the last named place. Marshal Hoover, of Waterloo, went to the stopping place of the young couple, and upon the instructions of Mr. Long's attorney arrested the youthful bride and brought her before her old father at his hotel.

Upon seeing her he exclaimed: "That just fills the bill! That's my child!" and literally leaped for joy. The girl was for some hours morose and sullen but finally she was persuaded to return to a saddened home in peace. The husband, instead of acting in his sworn capacity as a protector, took a "French leave" of Waterloo immediately after his wife's arrest and has not been heard of since. Miss Long-Green was brought to Mount Gilead and by her father turned over, notwithstanding her sobbings and pitiful entreaties, to the care of the sheriff. A petition had already been filed, asking that the girl be sent to the Ohio Industrial home, and she was accordingly taken to the Probate Judge, a young, pretty and blooming, but unhappy girl, and in the presence of a crowded court room, upon the testimony of her father and mother she was sentenced to the Industrial Home. The parents, who are wealthy and very respectable citizens, reluctantly and with heavy hearts took this last step to save their child, while the little girl herself begged and wept piteously.

She was taken by Sheriff Modie to the Home. Steps will immediately be taken to secure the apprehension of young Green on the charge of perjury (as he swore in Michigan that Miss Long was sixteen years of age) and abduction. The former charge will be prosecuted in Michigan and the latter in Ohio.

## HOW GIRLS ARE RUINED.

A "Tony" Trap for Rustic Beauties in Full Operation in Cincinnati.

A year ago, when Esther Schwartz was fifteen years old and a beautiful girl, her father, a rich old German of New Hope, Ohio, was prevailed on to allow her to go to Cincinnati to learn the millinery trade. A popular milliner near Fourth street, who kept a number of young apprentices, was selected as her instructor and she was sent down to take her first lesson. The girl soon found that the fair apprentices had very easy times and were seldom required to wait on customers or go into the store.

One night the milliner introduced her to a gentleman friend and they went to the German theatre together and drank beer during the performance. When they went home the milliner's friend followed her into the house and the milliner persuaded her to allow him to accompany her to her room. After that night the character of the business carried on there was no longer a mystery to her. She became infatuated with the new life that she had been initiated into and when her father took her home she resolved to run away and lead a life of shame. She took a west bound train one night and went over to Richmond, where she found a home in a bungalow on the river kept by Kate Roder. A policeman and her brother searched the town for her and were about to give up the hunt when she ran in on them in Roder's parlors. The brother pleaded with her to go back to her old father and when she refused he had her arrested and taken to this home for the friendless.

## THE PARSON'S TENANTS.

They Hire His Cottage in Orange, N. J., and Paper the Wall with the "Police Gazette."

[Subject of Illustration.]

A parson who owns a nice little cottage at Orange, N. J., had a vacation given him by his indulgent congregation in New York, and made preparations for a trip to Europe, intending to take in the Holy Land as they all do, of course. Before going away he let his little cottage to a nice quiet couple who, he was sure, would take the best of care of it. They did. When he went away six months ago, it was a neat, modest, retiring sort of a cottage with a clerical aspect outside and a religious glow within, that was well preserved by the dark wall paper and the dismal daddos of the apartments.

When the parson returned however, the little cottage struck him on first sight as having put on a decidedly rakish air. This was justified by a visit to the interior. The study where sermons had been written, was transformed into a gymnasium where slogging was the only argument in order, and to cap the climax, the quiet tenant having found the wall paper too dull had papered the rooms with their back numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE, in proof of their high artistic taste. Imagine the tableau. The parson protested, but it was no use. The rent was paid and he was fired out, as he deserved to be, for failing to appreciate the high art of the modern school of realism, as elaborated on the pages of this, the most illustrated journal of the world.





THE WISE VIRGINS TAKE A TUMBLE.

A CHURCH SOCIETY OF OLD MAIDS, OF NEW YORK CITY, INTERFERE WITH A YOUNG GIRL'S FLIRTATIONS AND GET TRIPPED UP THEMSELVES.

#### The Canadian Fiend.

In a previous number we gave a full account of the awful crime of Frederick Mann, the Canadian fiend, who murdered Mr. Cook, his employer and several members of his family on the

2d inst. We give this week a portrait of the wretch. After slaughtering all but two of the family and leaving those two desperately wounded the murderer escaped and went on his travels in company with a Swede named Charles Randall. These two were captured on the 3d



BLUE LAWS ON SLIPPERY GROUND.

A STATEN ISLAND "COOP" RAIDS THE WICKED SUNDAY SKATERS WITH MUCH RESOLUTION BUT MANY DISASTERS.

inst., near Lachute, Quebec.

Constable Latour, of Lachute, discovered Mann and his companion on the road near that place, but, fearing resistance, he resorted to strategy to effect an arrest. Driving past them, he remarked: "It's very cold. Would you hire for work in the shanties?" They expressed their willingness to do so. Latour asked them into the next farm house to talk the matter over. As soon as they were in the house, Latour locked the doors and handcuffed them together. Mann resisted a little, but when confronted with Mr. Ross, a neighbor of his victims, he hung down his head. When pressed to give a reason for his crime he would not utter a syllable, and when asked if he had committed the deed, he would not say any-



FREDERICK MANN,

WHO MURDERED HIS EMPLOYER AND HIS FAMILY  
AT LITTLE RIDEAU, ONT.

thing. He looked very haggard and weary. Of the murderer nothing is known save that he is an English immigrant who came to this country and hired with Mr. Cook some three months ago. He claimed to be a native of London. He is a slightly built man, of about five feet eight, with nothing about him to indicate any murderous proclivities.

Now it appears that Mrs. Stilwell, of Missouri, the self-confessed murderess, who died after telling the most awful yarns of the murders she had committed, was a liar of the first quality. Several people have made affidavits going to disprove her horrible accusations against herself. A priest now states that her husband died in his arms a natural death.



GEORGE BUDDINGTON,

COWHIDED BY THE FATHER OF A GIRL HE ATTEMPTED TO ELOPE WITH.



MISS MARY LONG,

OF HARMONY, O., WHO ELOPED WITH AND MARRIED A QUAKER EXHORTER.



THE PARSON'S TASTEFUL TENANTS.

A QUIET COUPLE HIRE A PARSON'S COTTAGE IN ORANGE, N. J., AND IMPROVE IT BY PAPERING THE WALLS WITH COPIES OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE."



## John Pollock Clow.

In this issue we print a portrait of John Pollock Clow, the famous boxer of West Denver, Colo., who recently won the POLICE GAZETTE medal (offered by Richard K. Fox), open to all middle-weight pugilists, for the championship of Colorado. Clow is a native of Erie, Pa. He is twenty years of age and has the stuff in him for a first-class fighting man. In the first contest, on Nov. 13, 1882, for the POLICE GAZETTE trophy, Clow was opposed by Billy H. Cush, who formerly hailed from Pittsburgh. Clow defeated him after fighting seventeen four-minute rounds. Clow also won the POLICE GAZETTE middle-weight boxing championship trophy in the second competition that was decided at the Globe Theatre, Leadville, Colo., on December 3, 1882. Clow's opponent was Tom H. Brennan. Clow defeated him in twelve rounds which lasted thirty-seven minutes. After this contest Billy H. Cush again challenged Clow to compete for the trophy and the pugilists were to meet Jan. 20.

## Frank L. Herdic.

The subject of our illustration this week is the pool-selling auctioneer, *par excellence*, of the grand circuit. Every leading track in the land has heard the dulcet tones of his voice calling to the crowd: "Ah! ha! Fond Hopes won the last heat; it is anybody's race yet; five hundred for choice; thank you, and sold." He stands well with association owners and drivers. They have a world of confidence in him. He is wide-awake to their interests and careful of their trusts. He is a driver of no mean pretensions and owner of some of the best trotting stock in Pennsylvania. For fifteen years he has been in the horse business and has driven many good ones. He owned and handled young Andrew Jackson, Little Rachel, Clothesline (2:32), Geraldine, Gabe Post and controlled the celebrated Naaid Queen (2:20 1/4) in 1882. One of his horses is credited with a world of speed, and next year will see him among the fast ones. In 1880 Mr. Herdic was selling pools at Bradford, Pa., and was ordered by the judge to drive a horse that was being pulled. He mounted the sulky and landed the horse a winner in the next three heats. For

eight years past he has sold pools through the big circuit. This indicates his standing, as none but a straight-haired man could go year after year on this route. Mr. Herdic is a resident of Williamsport, Pa., where he is engaged in breeding fine stock.

## A Borgian Romance.

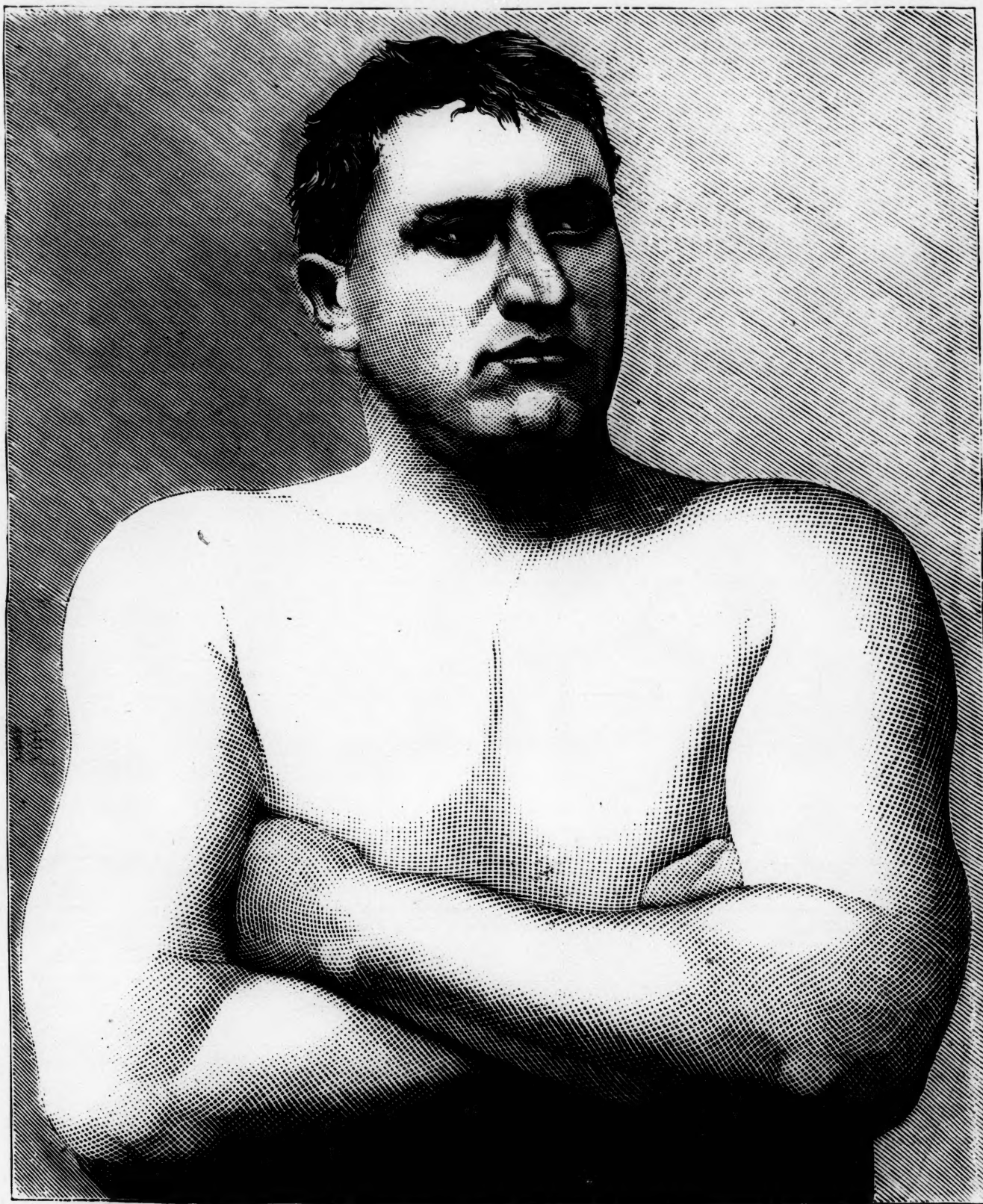
In August, 1880, Dr. Augusto de Silva Baptista, one of the most prominent and wealthy physicians of the Island of St. Michael's, the largest of the Azores, died of poison administered by his jealous wife, a lady of noble birth. She was tried, found guilty and sentenced to separation from her children and banishment to a Portuguese penal colony on the west coast of Africa, where the climate is so bad that a convict rarely survives a two-years' residence. Senhora Baptista, however, had wealthy friends, and managed to get out of jail and escape with her children. On the morning of Dec. 19, 1882, there landed at Morehead, N. C., a woman, two

children and three men, who came ashore on a boat lowered from a large schooner off the bar, and took the cars for Goldsboro, causing, meanwhile, much excitement and inquiry by a

stated, the party went by rail to East Cambridge. This destination was chosen for the reason that one of the Senhora's servants had relatives living there.

profuse display of gold. The woman was the Senhora, and she hurried her party on to Boston. The details of her escape have since leaked out as follows:

In the jail at St. Michael's prisoners of rank and fortune are kept in a quarter of the building separate from the cells occupied by the ordinary criminals, and are allowed to maintain themselves if they choose to do so, attended by their servants. This privilege the Senhora was not slow to take advantage of. Having resolved upon an attempt at escape, she took an impression in soap of the key to her apartments, gave it to her servant with orders to have a key made from it outside the prison, and, having successfully executed this much of her plan, awaited her opportunity, meanwhile managing to bribe certain of the jailers and one of the sentinels on guard to enter the conspiracy. A day or two later a party of serving-women entering the prison with food for some of her companions in captivity, she donned an old shawl and took off her overskirt, thus giving herself the appearance of a woman of low station, watched until the party were ready to go, unlocked her door and mingled with them, and went out when the outside door was opened for them. Then the sentinel, pretending to be suffering from a severe pain in his stomach, obtained permission of his superior to go off duty for a few moments, thus affording the Senhora a chance to pass his beat and get beyond reach. Presumably the authorities at the prison are still awaiting his return. Managing to get possession of her children, and taking with her two servants, one male and one female, and accompanied by the guard, who, for his own safety, was under the necessity of joining his fortunes with hers, she hired some boatmen to take the party out to a whaling schooner then in the harbor, promising them twenty sovereigns for their risky undertaking. The captain of the schooner, however, would not allow her to keep her contract, and dismissed the boatman with \$4, much to the chagrin of the more grateful Senhora. Being landed at North Carolina, as originally



HERBERT A. SLADE,

THE MAORI HERCULES, TO BE MATCHED BY THE "POLICE GAZETTE" AGAINST THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

[Photographed expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE by Jones, Robinson & Co., San Francisco, Cal.]



JOHN POLLOCK CLOW,

FAMOUS BOXER OF DENVER, WINNER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" MEDAL FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF COLORADO.



FRANK L. HERDIC,

OF WILLIAMSPORT, PA., BREEDER OF RACING STOCK AND POOL-SELLER OF THE GRAND CIRCUIT.



# PARIS INSIDE OUT;

OR,

## Joe Potts on the Loose.

The Adventures and Misadventures; the  
Sprees and Soberings up; the Life,  
Love and Pastimes Generally of  
a New York Sport in the Gay-  
est City in the World.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabelle Unmasked," "The  
Bohemians of New York," "Studio Secrets," etc.

## CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THE PARSON DON'T COME AFTER ALL,  
BUT JOE AMUSES HIMSELF.

If Mr. Potts had been less sleepy when retiring for the night, and had cast his eyes about his apartment, he would have perceived a small piece of paper, folded, in color deep blue, and bearing a sort of postage stamp seal with the words "A Dechirer," printed thereon, lying on the mantle-piece. The rosy light of aurora however revealed it, and finding it addressed to himself Joe proceeded to tear it open.

It was a dispatch, and to Joe's irrepressible delight bore the name of Spoodnyke. It ran:

"Meet me at train that arrives at Paris 10:00 tomorrow night. A lady will be with me. Take no notice of her. Engage apartments at your hotel."

SPOODYKE.

"Spoodnyke! It is real pleasant. Ain't I delighted he's coming. But, damn it, the lady will spoil everything. Who can she be? Something tony. Some high up mash. London is the place. A man is too heavily handicapped here that ain't posted in the lingo. Ten o'clock train. I guess I'm to pass all my time in Paris on that gloomy platform. I'm to take no notice of the lady. Perhaps she's some married woman that Spoon has mashed and taking in Paris on the sly while the husband is abroad in Scotland or Ireland. Paris is elegantly fixed for a racket of that kind. Ten hours and a channel to cross. If a New Yorker goes to Boston or Washington or Baltimore he's spotted sure pop. Ten o'clock. I'll be there or thereabouts. Won't I warm up old Spoon at the American Bar?"

Ere Mr. Joseph had finished his toilet a waiter presented him with a second dispatch.

"Some put off from Spoon. No, by thunder! It's from Laura Norton."

"Come to me at once. I must see you to prevent unpleasantness."

LAURA.

"Unpleasant is jammed! Nothing could be more unpleasant than that English army officer ordering me about as if I was a store clerk. The idea of an independent American citizen being bossed by a British red coat! I guess I've had enough of Laura Norton and her fancy captain. She has a daisy of a foot and leg. So has red hot opposite; a real patent newest improvements pair of legs. Laura wants a reply. I guess there's none. No reply. No re-ply. No answer!" This to the waiter who stood awaiting commands.

Joe was engaged in discussing a beefsteak and a venerable copy of the New York Herald, which the two francs enterprise of an intelligent waiter had secured from the offices in the avenue de l'Opera, when a card was handed to him.

CAPTAIN SWISHTAIL,  
[Late of] THE BUFFS,  
JUNIOR SENIOR CLUB, LONDON.

"Whew!" muttered Joe, as he somewhat hastily swallowed a piece of that very hard toast so peculiar to the French restaurant. "What does this mean? A challenge! Well—" a sort of click came to his heart—"I ain't going to show the white feather, not for all he can put up, or all John Jacob Astor could put up, or for all that William H. Vanderbilt could put up! Not much. He ain't got no bulge on me. I guess I've got the bulge on him. I'll meet him. By thunder, I'd like to fight a duel. It would get into the paper, and wouldn't the boys give me a show when I went back—that's if I did go back."

Joe, suddenly remembering that his visitor waited, tapped the card and pointed to the ceiling, thereby asking in dumb show if the bearer had been shown up stairs to the waiting room in the entire sol.

"Out! out! out!" and the waiter nearly nodded his head off.

"If it comes to a meeting," thought Joseph, as he arranged the Sarah Bernhardt pin in his blood red scarf, "I'll have Spoodnyke as my second. It will sound well, though he'll have to put a handle to his name."

With a fluttering heart Mr. Potts ascended the stairs. In the dim uncertain light of the low ceilinged apartment he could perceive the tall form of the gallant captain, his head almost touching the ceiling. The warrior was engaged in impatiently tugging at his mustache with one hand and in drumming on the table with the other. An immense oaken cudgel lay on the table close to the officer's hand. When Joe beheld this formidable looking weapon he instinctively felt for his pistol. It lay calmly sleeping in his revolver pocket.

"If he offers to raise that cane I'll fix him."

When Joe entered the room Captain Swishtail, instead of seizing the bludgeon, advanced with open and outstretched hand, a very forgiving expression upon his usually rigid face.

"Mr. Potts, our mutual friend, Mrs. Norton, insists that I shall apologize to you for my conduct of yesterday. I mention her name in connection with this expression of my feelings as this apology is as much due to her as to you. All I can say is that I am sorry for being so ill-bred and stupid, and to express a hope that you will forget the circumstances altogether."

"Why, certainly!" cried Potts, a great load off his mind. "Don't say another word about it," winking the captain's hand.

"Thanks."

"I acted rather low down, but I was excited. I don't care a red cent for a dinner check. No New Yorker does."

"I know that," said the captain feeling in his pocket, "and for that very reason I would not insult you by paying the bill. I gave my card. Here is the bill—a mere bagatelle, 25 francs 18 centimes; but small as it is, I resolved not to pay it, knowing the fine and generous fibres in the American heart."

Joe plunged for his pocketbook. A thought flashed through his brain. Was this a put up job? Was the captain endeavoring to euvre him with a bogus apology? What a laugh at him if he paid, and if this was a put up job.

Joe's hand released its grasp on the pocketbook and reappeared empty.

"I guess," he said, "I'd rather give another dinner."

"Oh, we would not trespass on you. The dinner you gave us yesterday was admirable—the vands exquisite, the wines in perfect bouquet and condition."

"If it comes to that," retorted Joe, "it was you, captain, who ordered the dinner."

"I was only acting as your deputy."

"Well, we'll fix it this way. You'll act as my deputy to-day, or to-morrow, or any day Mrs. N. names and I'll stand a dinner anywhere you name, the tonier the restaurant the better it will please me."

"Thanks, awfully, but my stay in Paris is both limited and uncertain, and my time is all occupied, so as far as I am concerned, 'Colonel Potts.' Joe was not displeased at the title. "I can make no promise."

"Well, we can have it to-day somewhere."

"Mrs. Norton is indisposed. Pardon me for saying so, but your brusqueness of last night quite overcame her."

"I'm real sorry, and feel real mean," cried honest Joe.

"If you don't mind, I'll save you the trouble of paying this. Just let me have the money—American money will do," and Captain Swishtail extended the bill in one hand and the open palm of the other.

This gave Joe a set back.

"I don't feel like paying it, captain."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say."

"You don't mean to say, sir, that you repudiate the debt?" demanded the warrior, in a warm tone.

"This is how the contract stands. I asked Mrs. Norton to dine. You are on hand; she asks you. I didn't want you at any price. You set down and boss the crowd. I throw up the deal and ask to be counted out."

"I declare, Mr. Potts, I do not understand the jargon," said Swishtail, haughtily.

"I'll put it plainer, then," retorted Joe, whose good American blood was getting heated, "do you know what a put up job is?"

"I do not, sir."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. It's a plant, a scheme, a dodge."

"I cannot—"

"Listen to me, Captain Swishtail. This lady told you she was coming to dine with me at the Boy day Bolong. She posted you, that is, she told you to be there and that she'd get you a free lunch. You were on hand and instead of acting like a gentleman you choose to act like—"

"Like what, sir?"

"A gosh darned sucker!"

The captain became livid while Joe was speaking.

"How dare you presume to address such language to me, sir?" he gasped, his lips quivering with rage, the words apparently choking him.

"Oh, go and pay that bill," said Joe.

Swishtail seized the cudgel.

"No, you don't, tricky racker," cried Potts, "I've a little dog here that barks and bites," clapping his hand to his pants' pockets. "Don't you rouse him."

"You'll have to answer for this blackguardism."

"Why, certainly," said Joe.

"A friend will wait on you."

"Send him to pay that dinner bill first."

The captain made a movement as if to strike, thought better of it and in marching out of the room fiercely exclaimed:

"By G—, you'll have to meet me."

"In the Boy day Bolong at the Cascade," roared Joe.

"Bah," he added to himself, "I guess I got the bulge on the scallawag; a regular put up job. A skin game. He didn't bluff me worth a cent. Sorry I didn't take another bottle of Burgundy. It is real snappy. Two hundred and fifty-five francs eighteen centimes. How many dollars is that? In the neighborhood of fifty dollars. It's pretty steep but the wine was worth the money. Won't this tale amuse the boys when I get back to Ed Slope's saloon? But they won't believe it."

Joe was engaged in lighting a cigar at the corner of the Rue Mauvrais, when he felt a gentle tap on the arm. He turned. A homely looking young lady stood beside him and close to her the coryphe of the Opera Comique, the nymph of the red hat a la Henry IV., who bowed and smiled and put out her hand.

"I can speak English," said the homely looking girl.

"I was born on the island of Jersey, where Mrs. Langtry comes from. This young lady is disconsolate at not being able to speak English to you. She doesn't understand one word. She has told me about you and of all your politeness to her and she is most anxious to thank you."

"That's all very fine, miss," said Joe, "but did she tell you that she appointed to meet me at three o'clock in the morning, opposite the Cafe de Patee? I waited till I had to sit down on the sidewalk quite played out. That's a real mean trick to play. Just ask her what she meant by it, will you?"

The Jersey lady rapidly questioned her companion, who responded in vigorous and acerbative language almost performing a pas seuton the sidewalk.

"She says she never appointed to meet you at three o'clock, sir."

"Oh, what is she giving me—laffy? Didn't she put up her three fingers just like this?" and Mr. Joseph raised his ringed digits in the air.

The coryphe laughed till the tears coursed down her cheeks, then through the interpreter informed Potts that the sign she made him was to intimate that she was not supping with a gentleman alone but with a party of three.

"Why did she skip that day in a hack after lunching at a cafe store?" persisted Joe.

"She wasn't feeling quite well," replied the interpreter after conferring with her principal.

"She looked as rosy as a ripe tomato," was Joseph's somewhat ungracious comment. "Now ladies," he added, "I will begin by introducing myself. I am Mr.

Joseph Potts from New York, out for the Paris racket. I have plenty of money and will spend it freely. I haven't come here to stop very long, so I mean to make Paris boom while I'm at it. What is your name?"

"Jeannette La Jeune. I make artificial flowers for the young ladies of the Opera Comique. This young lady is Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir. She is of the highest family in Normandy. Her father and mother lost every centime in the world in the war and this noble girl is now supporting the aged couple by dancing. So she's a real aristocrat and as good as she is beautiful. She has refused two viscounts and one baron this season. I may tell you in confidence," added Miss La Jeune, "that she is greatly taken in fact, quite captivated by you. She doesn't really know how your acquaintance came about but ascribes it to the fates. Oh, she is really captivated—fascinated."

Mr. Potts bestowed a most killing glance at Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir and intensely gratified at his conquest informed Miss La Jeune that he was struck by the young lady's elegance the moment that he beheld her.

"I cannot account for it," continued Miss La Jeune. "She, who is so difficult to please, so particular, so austere. She, who has been all her life accustomed to mix with the ga, nobles of France—the Condes, the Montmorencys, the St. Privats and the very cream of French aristocracy."

"It is very strange," said Joe, gazing ardently upon the young aristocrat and glancing at himself in a superbly shined plate glass window.

"Oh, love plays sad pranks," sighed Miss La Jeune, "and I pity darling Susanne."

Mr. Potts, highly elated at his success—and what man's vanity is not tickled to death at a conquest of the other sex, is she old as Lady Burdett Coutts or ugly as a witch of Endor? I speak reflectively, of course, and in extremis to give salt to the canine. My hero is no exception to the general rule of idiotic mankind and took to water like a very gay duck. Now that he looked at Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir again she was a most aristocratic looking girl, one in a thousand, ten thousand, with the stamp of blue blood in every feature, with a Crusade movement in every gesture. To be admired by the "daughter of a thousand earls" was indeed a triumph.

"We will not stand talking here. Won't you and Mademoiselle come and lunch somewhere?"

The young ladies would be enchanted and a lively argument took place between them as to the relative supremacy of the Cafe Foy and Brehant's, the two most expensive restaurants in Paris Brehant winning by truffles.

"As we are on the boulevard we will go to Brehant's," said Miss La Jeune, "one is always sure of getting good cookery there and of meeting nice people."

They passed along the boulevard and coming to the Rue Polssoniere entered the famous restaurant where Napoleon III., disguised, used to sup so often with his English mistress, Mrs. Howard, whom he subsequently treated so badly.

Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir exhibited her early noble training by selecting a most recherche dejeuner, while her choice of wines spoke trumpet-tongued in favor of her noble father's cellar.

After luncheon Joe took the young ladies for a drive to St. Cloud, where they wandered in the bosky woods, Miss La Jeune keeping inconveniently close to her friend. Once, indeed, Joe managed to lose her for a minute, during which period of time he actually tasted the nectar of the lips of Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir, who pushed and scratched and struggled like any common village maiden. But a kiss from aristocratic lips tastes differently from that taken from those of a plebeian on the same principle illustrated by the celebrated Dr. Johnson, who on being asked why an intrigue with a lady of quality was so much more pleasant exclaimed to Boswell:

"Because, sir, in the case of a countess the imagination is more excited."

"You must not be rude," observed Miss La Jeune, who shrewdly guessed at what had occurred. "Susanne is propriety itself, and she comes from a fierce and hot-blooded race. It was an ancestress of hers who stuck a dagger to the heart of a Prince of Navarre for offering to kiss her against her will."

Joe promised to be as respectful as an acolyte to a Abbess, and conducted the young ladies through the ruins of the ill-fated palace, in a corner of which he found it necessary to place his arms around the waists of both as they gazed from a not too giddy height. After that he performed the same operation at any time, for fear any accident might happen. Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir having to be in attendance at the Opera Comique at seven o'clock, the drive was shortened.

"She cannot dine with you," observed Miss La Jeune, "but I can, and we will all sup together afterwards."

Now, as a matter of fact, Joe did not desire Miss La Jeune's society. She was hideously plain, plited with the small pox, had lips as thin as wafers, scarcely showing any red at all, and was as thin as a snipe. Moreover, from certain pressures of the hand, and gentle languid leanings upon his arm and against his side, he was led to believe that the young lady was, if not fair, certainly frail, and as fairness and fraility ought to go together, there being no excuse for poor homeliness, and as his affections were bestowed upon Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir, he resolved upon "shaking" her companion; so pleaded an engagement.

"This is too bad," exclaimed Miss La Jeune, "can't you break it?"

"Impossible."

"Is it with a lady?"

"Well—"

"Ah! For heaven's sake do not let this dear child know that she has a rival. With me she knows you will be safe," and here the young lady flung what was meant for a most unsafe glance at her captivator.

"Do try and break off for to-day, dear Mr. Potts."

Joe was obdurate, however.

"Then where shall we meet to-night?"

"Anywhere."

"Say ten o'clock. You and I can have a couple of hours' tete-a-tete before where Susanne comes to us."

Mr. Potts up to this had forgotten Spoodnyke's telegram.

"By tarnation," he cried, "I must be at the Northern Railway depot at ten o'clock."

Miss La Jeune had to translate this to her friend who was moved to curiosity on his energetic exclamation.

"Then I suppose I cannot have a tete-a-tete with you," said Miss La Jeune, rather bitterly.

"Not to night. I must be on the platform to meet

my friend," and he explained as far as was prudent the nature of the dispatch he had received. "I have even forgotten to order rooms for them at my hotel," he added.

"I'll come with you and select the apartments," said Miss La Jeune.

"That's too thin," thought Joe, who after giving the ladies a rendezvous for half-past eleven o'clock at the stage entrance to the Opera Comique, somewhat quieted them.

"Susanne is fit for a king," he reflected, "but as for the other one she's a caution for a stuffed monkey."

The question of engaging the apartments became rather difficult of solution.

"Spoodnyke didn't say how many, one, two, or three. If I only engage one I may make a muddle of it. If I engage two I may do the same, but it's better to be on the safe side, so I'll secure two bedrooms and a sitting room."

He found a dispatch from Mrs. Norton awaiting him. "Since you will not come to me, I shall come to you."

L.

"You may stop at home, my lady," chuckled Joe. "I've taken your measure. No more dead heads in my dinner list. No more British captains on hand at the right moment. I ain't such a greenhorn as some people may suppose. Not much. No news from the captain. He's thought bet'er of it, I'll bet my bottom dollar."

Just as Mr. Joseph was fixing up prior to a stroll on the Boulevard, the waiter entered, and leading him gently to the window pointed to the facade that was drawn up in front of the door.

In the facade reclined the widow, a symphony in heliotrope, her dainty little feet encased in heliotrope silk stockings, and black satin low shoes with heliotrope rosettes, and peeping from a wealth of laced petticoats, perched on the seat in front.

"I'll not see her, I'll—" the sight of the footsey wootseys proved too much for him and he desisted.

"This is a nice piece of business," exclaimed the widow, as Joe approached: "thus have I been the whole day endeavoring to save your being killed, for Captain Swishtail is one of the best shots in the British army. What on earth do you mean by such extraordinary conduct. Are you mad, Mr. Potts?"

"I guess not, Mrs. Norton," he coolly replied.

"It was all my fault," she continued. "I wanted to make you jealous. I wanted to see how much you cared for me. If you had waited ten minutes longer last night, I was going to say to Captain Swishtail, 'You may go now,' and I was longing for that drive through the Bois de Boulogne alone with you, my hand in yours, your arm around my waist, my heart throbbing in unison with yours, oh Joseph! Joseph! it was all my fault and—and—I—I will ne—never forgive my—my—myself."

Then the widow, drawing an exquisite little pocket handkerchief, perfumed to deliciousness, from a quaintly mounted pocket at her side, commenced to sob.

I need hardly say that Mr. Joseph Pott's vanity was well watered by these tears, and that it put forth instantaneous blossoms.

"I'm real sorry, Mrs. Norton," he said, "don't you go on that way. I ain't a bad fellow, but I won't let no man boss me. I don't mind a woman, they always do, but I won't take the back water from any man, I don't care who he is. Don't fret any more about it. I'll stand you a bang up dinner to-day, but I don't want any deadheads."

"Will you, though?" said the widow, smiling through her tears.

"Why, certainly."

"You are a darling. But," she added, in a tone of earnest entreaty, "I do wish, dear, that you would settle that little bill at the Cascade. I will not let Captain Swishtail pay it, and he will not allow me to pay it, and I know that you would never hear of poor little me settling it. So it is a pretty fix. Do pay it like a dear good boy, and, and—I'll, here she plunged her eyes into Joe's—"won't prove ungrateful."

"I guess I wouldn't let you pay, but as for that bum-bardier—"

"Never mind him, Joe, settle it and all will be happy places for me."

"Why does this broad backed cuss dare—"

"No, no, no; but I want to feel that you are safe. Come, dear, pay this miserable bill and make me happy. Drive out there now and get rid of it."

"With all my heart," said Joe, after being harpooned by a glance, such as Cleopatra sent flying to Marc Antony.

Potts paid the bill and asked the widow to stay to dinner, but she pleaded headache.

"I never worried or fretted so much in my life," she said, "oh, I was nearly distracted. To-morrow I shall be myself and—then."

Joe dined all alone at a restaurant recommended by the bar tender, and at ten o'clock was at his post on the depot platform.

The train came in but no Spoodnyke.

"Devil take him," he growled, "he has spoiled all my plans. I couldn't lay a pipe on account of his cursed dispatch."

A porter touching his cap, addressed Joe. In his hand a dispatch.

"Je Crois, Monsieur Je Crois."

It was from Spoodnyke.

"Lady ill at Amiens. Am coming by next train. Meet me. Most impatient."

The next train was due at midnight.

Joe had to kill the time till 11:30, then explain his unexcused absence to Miss La Jeune and Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir, at the Comedie Francaise and dash back to the depot.

The train came in. No Spoodnyke.

Joe was consigning him to all the infernal gods when again the same porter re-appeared, bearing another dispatch.

"Pour Monsieur."

It was from Spoodnyke.

"Lady ill at Creil. Am coming by next train. Be sure to wait."

The next train was not due till 2:30 A. M.

Potts prowled into a low wine shop and slipped some vinegar for it was no better, for an hour. Then he strolled on the Boulevard till his legs ached. Then he returned to the depot to find the same porter awaiting him with another dispatch.

"Can't come down till ten train to-morrow. Be on hand."

"May—"

I will not repeat Mr. Joseph Potts' words. The recording angel might not have a tear in readiness to blot em out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For Mr. Potts' further adventures, misadventures, trials and triumphs in the gay capital, keep your eye skinned till next week.



## AN OLD RAT TRAPPED.

## A Merchant Lured into a Woman's Apartments and "Bled."

## A Flirtation, a Plot and Marital Matinee With Revolver Obligato and a Bold Strike for Tribute.

In the general hurrah of scandal which is resounding all over the country just now, Chicago makes herself heard, of course. The case of most interest just now is the suit of Abraham Burnow against S. H. McCrea for services rendered in the capacity of private detective in a scandal in which the defendant was involved some time ago. The case came up on the 6th inst. and resulted in a series of piquant revelations. The detective had been employed, it was alleged, to get back for McCrea certain papers he had been induced to give up to an angry husband. McCrea refused to pay him for his time occupied in the attempt, hence this suit and its revelations. The plaintiff, Burnow, testified that at one time he had worked for a man named Fones who kept a livery stable at 715 West Lake street, Chicago. At that time Mr. McCrea kept his horses and carriages there. About a year and a half ago witness commenced running an express business but sold out last June and had done nothing since. He met Fones on Saturday, June 9, and the latter asked him to come to his house. He went to the house on the 12th of June.

The arrangement of the rooms at No. 163 Washington street, where it is alleged Mr. McCrea was surprised with Mrs. Fones was next touched upon. The witness said they were a suite of three rooms on the third floor, and the rear room was separated from the middle room wherein were McCrea and the woman by a partition of matched boards. There was a crack or aperture of some sort in this partition, and Fones got upon a dry goods box for the purpose of peering through it into the middle room. The witness was positive from what he saw that the two were in bed together, and that they were partially undressed. Fones, as he forced his way into the middle room, said:

"I've got you, haven't I?"  
Mr. McCrea stammered out:  
"I wasn't going to touch your wife."  
Fones simply pointed to the bed and said:  
"But you were there!"  
"Well," replied McCrea, "you have got me." -  
Fones drew a revolver, flourished it, and made threats of using it, but was prevented by the witness, Burnow.

Mr. McCrea said Burnow then sat down on the edge of the bed—he was in his underclothing—and said to Fones:

"You durst not shoot me. You are not going to shoot, and you are aware that this is all a blackmailing scheme."

Mrs. Fones said nothing, except when her husband suddenly appeared in the room, when she exclaimed:  
"By Gosh! How did you come in here? I thought you were going out of town."

Mr. McCrea, after some further words with Fones, asked:

"What will you take to drop this matter?" to which Fones said:

"I wouldn't have had a thing of this sort happen for \$50,000. Damn you, I thought you were a friend of mine," and then he began crying.

McCrea still sat in undress on the edge of the bed, but at a signal from Fones he arose and accompanied him into the adjoining room. In a few moments Fones gave out to his wife:

"Fetch me that pen and ink."

The door between the two rooms was open, but witness could not see what they did in the other room. After this affair, Burnow testified, he made frequent visits to the office of McCrea, who is a wealthy grain speculator, and was employed by him.

The first interview was at Mr. McCrea's residence, No. 601 West Washington street. McCrea answered his ring, and Burnow asked him if he remembered of ever having seen him before. He said he had, and referred to the episode in Fones' room. He then invited him to come in, but witness noticing two chairs on the piazza proposed to sit out there, as it was quite warm. McCrea stated that he had given Fones three notes for \$1,000 each, and witness at once inferred that these notes were written at the time the pen and ink was demanded. He also said he would sooner see him have the money than Fones, and agreed at once to a proposition to give witness \$2,000 if he succeeded in getting the notes back.

The duties which he had undertaken to perform for Mr. McCrea were to get the notes back, act as a witness, and generally to get him out of the scrape. In the prosecution of these duties he made calls at No. 25 West Madison street, No. 1,570 West Lake street and at No. 231 Lake street, where he saw a man called Jake. He inquired at all these places for Fones, hoping to get track of him. The last person upon whom he called was a man named Duncan, who told him several bad stories about Mrs. Fones, and one to the effect that she had played the same game upon him as she was then playing on McCrea. His services he considered worth \$15 per day.

S. H. McCrea, the defendant, being put on the stand gave the following version of the scandal: He had kept his horse at Fones' stable, and knew him as having engaged in several grain speculations. One day last March Fones, who was searching for rooms for himself and wife, came to him and said a suite of rooms in which McCrea's office was located suited him, and requested him to say a good word to Miller, the landlord. He did so, and Miller suggested that he (McCrea) should go on the lease also, to which he agreed. His office was right next to Fones' rooms. One day Mrs. Fones sent for him to sign the lease, and he went from his office in his shirt sleeves supposing the landlord was there. When he entered, she slyly and without his perceiving it, locked the door behind him and asked him to sit down and wait, which he did.

## ANOTHER DEATH-BED TABLEAU.

It is becoming fashionable for men to make their death beds sensational by confessing all the horrible crimes of their lives if they have any in reserve, and in some cases, we suspect, invent them if the truth is not likely to pan out with enough hair-raising enormity. The last case of this kind reported is that of Charles W. Cook, of Concord, N. H. Committed to state prison in 1879 for the murder of Susan in November, 1874, died of consumption on January 9th inst.,

aged 25 years. On the confession of Cook, Joseph Buswell was hanged for hiring Cook to shoot Miss Hanson. Cook has left a confession in which he acknowledges that he testified falsely in regard to Buswell being present when the deed was committed. This leaves things in a pretty muddle all around, the innocent man having been hanged and the guilty one suffered to die at his leisure and without any attentions from the sheriff.

## ROBBED ON MURRAY HILL.

Footpads Waylay and Rob Two Young Ladies in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel, New York.

A most daring highway robbery took place in broad daylight in New York City, on January 2, right in the heart of the Murray Hill district. The victim of the outrage and robbery is a young lady well-known in society, Miss Christina Isherwood, of No. 111 East Thirty-sixth street. She is the daughter of Benjamin F. Isherwood, Chief Engineer in the United States Navy, who is at present absent attending to his duties. On the day mentioned Miss Isherwood, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Carpenter, of Auburn, N. Y., left the house with the intention of lunching with a friend in East Fifty seventh street and proceeded to take a Fourth Avenue car.

When the thirty-eighth street entrance to the tunnel was reached the ladies thought they heard a car coming, and Miss Carpenter, who is more robust than her cousin, started ahead and ran down the steps to stop it. When she arrived at the platform she discovered that the car was going down instead of up town. When she reached the bottom of the steps a well dressed man ascended and met Miss Isherwood in the winding staircase. The latter supported in one hand the skirt of her heavy velvet dress, and in the other carried a fine alligator-skin hand-satchel, which had been presented to her on Christmas day by a relative, and which bore her monogram in gold. The bag contained a pair of valuable opal and diamond earrings, \$30 in gold, and four tickets for the Damrosch concert.

The satchel was seized by the man who endeavored to wrench it from the grasp of Miss Isherwood, who is a plucky little body and who had no intention of letting go without a struggle. She screamed loudly and fought bravely for her property, but the ruffian knocked her to the stone flooring with one blow, and seizing her by the throat choked her until she let go her hold. During the struggle the man did not speak a word but as soon as he obtained possession of the satchel ran rapidly away.

## WASHINGTON SOCIETY SCANDAL.

A Young Wife Armed With a Cowhide Chases a Pretty Female Clerk Through the Departments.

Here's a typical scene in one of the public offices in Washington. Dering Fosdick, a high-toned, very supercilious and uppish young man, is employed in the land office. He goes in the best society in the capital, and six months ago succeeded in capturing a beautiful young society belle for a wife—a daughter of Commodore Whiting, of the United States Navy. He was true for three or four months and gave up flirting, but it seems that lately he has been paying tender attentions to a pretty female clerk of the Interior Department and has manifested such decided symptoms of a "mash" that his wife tumbled to it and protested with all the vehemence possible in an angry woman. He wouldn't take a warning; however, and still kept up his attentions to the young woman until the crash came. On the afternoon of January 4, the land office was thrown into a terrible excitement by the appearance of Mrs. Fosdick, armed with a rawhide, in search of the young lady. She went to the room where the offender was employed and made an attempt to assault her, but the pretty clerk escaped unhurt. Mrs. Fosdick started to run down the hall, whip in hand, after her. Back and forth, up and down, across the whole length of the building they flew, the fleeing one but a step or two in advance, and the terrible rawhide cutting the air almost in reach of her. The chase was brought to a close by the watchman. Fosdick has been discharged by Commissioner McFarland. The high connections of Mrs. Fosdick raised the matter into the domain of choice scandal, and it is alleged that a divorce suit will be the next chapter of the story.

## CUPID IN HIS WAR PAINT.

A Bloodthirsty Texan Lover Shoots His Rival and Kills Himself.

Love in Texas is red hot every time. At Waco a young man named E. C. Oberley loved a young woman, but her cruel parents wouldn't smile on him. Far from it; they fired him out doors when he called on Jan. 4th and thereupon he made an ineffectual attempt to blow out his alleged brains. He was deterred, however, and calmed down until Sunday, Jan. 9, when he saw the favored lover and his rival, H. T. Ashburn by name, going into the house of his beloved. Oberley drew his revolver and fired at the rival, wounding him severely. Ashburn returned the fire without effect. Oberley then rushed into the house when he was seized by the father of the young lady. Then he turned his pistol to his own breast and fired, inflicting a wound that was declared fatal.

## TRAPPED BY A FEMALE DETECTIVE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The embezzling cashier of a New York commission house was pulled up short last week through the ruse of a female detective. The latter engaged herself as a servant to the criminal's mistress and gathered evidence enough inside of a week to secure his arrest. While waiting on the pair at table she saw the gay and festive commercial man pass his fair companion a check which he had taken from that day's receipts and it was upon this that the warrant for his arrest was based. The female came in for a handsome reward and she certainly deserved it.

## THE CORN DOCTOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

When a man takes to doctoring feet for a living it must be conceded that he goes into a low business. But it is a low business that seems to thrive. The corn doctor in New York occupies gorgeous apartments, and swells it around in purple and fine linen. If the police reports are any evidence, he seems to divide his time between cutting ladies' corns and making advances of another sort to them. How he does it our artist gives us an inkling of. For further particulars consult the daily papers.

## A SCRIPTURAL TEST.

Gabe Case Backs the Bible Against the Stomach of Walcott, the Quail Eater.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Now that the geologists and scientists generally have got through the superstitions of the churchmen, the gastronomists are going at the old foggy ideas of the prophets. At Gabe Case's hostelry and popular roadside resort a heavy eater has been engaged during the greater part of the month of January, thus far, engaged in the task of eating two quail a day for thirty days, on a wager to disprove the biblical assertion that a man may not eat quail thirty days. Walcott comes up smiling every day and is wicked enough to eat his allowance of quail without a qualm of indigestion, and it is evident, will continue his wicked course until he accomplishes the task and wins the wager. The churchmen, however, horrified by the prospect of another prop of superstition being knocked from under them, are said to be planning a scheme to stop the eater. It is unlawful to sell quail after the first of February, and as the match will run some days beyond that date, they propose to stop the supply or enforce a heavy fine for every bird eaten.

An observant scribe who witnessed the tucking away of the ninth brace of quail under Mr. Walcott's vest on the 15th inst., thus describes the operation, and the preliminary theological dispute that led up to it: Mr. Gabe Case is a profound and constant Bible student, and in the course of his midnight researches he stumbled upon Numbers, xi., 31-33, which sets forth that the children of Israel once tried to devour a flock of quail, and were smitten by a plague even while the meat was between their teeth. Upon this text Mr. Case bases his theory that no man can eat quail steadily and live. Some time ago he discussed the matter with another eminent theologian, named James Moffat, who differed so materially from Mr. Case that a wager of \$500 was put up, and Mr. Walcott's stomach was selected as the field of tournament in which the question was to be settled.

Mr. Walcott's appearance, like that of most great men is deceptive. He is small, as was Napoleon, spare as Henry Clay, and reticent as General Grant. Were it not for the conscious power which palpably shines through his slow moving gray eyes the casual observer might take him to be a jockey in good condition brought about by steady application to turtle soup and good chowder. His record is one of which he may well be proud, for not only is he the only man living who has won \$500 by eating one quail a day for thirty days—at a Sixth Avenue oyster house in 1878—but also he has maintained the position ever since of being the champion swallower of clams and turtle soup in the country.

As the hour approached on the 15th inst., Mr. Walcott's jaw set with determination. Unflinchingly he walked to the table and sat down. It was neatly set and was garnished with two boiled onions, three baked potatoes, some green peas, and the two quail laid out on two slabs of toast. In the centre of the dish was a pyramid of carved carrots, from the red eminence of which the head of one of the unfortunate birds gazed with evident sorrow and reproach. "Half-past 4!" shouted a timer, and Mr. Walcott plunged his fork into quail No. 1. He tore off a leg, fondled with it as one would with a pet flute and in seven seconds only a bone remained. He ripped off a wing and that went. He carved the breast, hid a second under his upper lip, and lo! it was gone. The other wing and leg followed more leisurely, and the last remnants were hoed together and shoveled up with the knife and were no more.

By this time the enthusiasm of the by-standers was tremendous, and Mr. Walcott took a drink and attacked the second bird. This he ate with more deliberation, occasionally moistening portions of it with gravy. At 4:46 not a scrap of it remained but the feet and bones. Mr. Merchant Williams is a brunette gentleman from Petersburg, Va. His duty in the present trying emergency is to lay the table, bring on the quail, answer questions, watch Mr. Walcott eat, water at the mouth as the experiment goes on, and smack his lips when the last bird has vanished. This Barnecide feast is enjoyed by Mr. Williams to an amazing extent, as is likewise the reputation he has deservedly won by his connection with the affair. He stood by while the spread gradually vanished under the plying of Mr. Walcott's nimble fingers and grinned until the gold filling in his right hand front tooth shone like Golconda. "Do you think he will win?" whispered a gentleman standing near. Mr. Williams grinned again. "I got 'fo' dollars on de result or dis quail worry, and I won't take no discount, sah." This shows how confidence in Mr. Walcott is gaining. Five hundred dollars additional was wagered by Mr. Moffat with a Mr. John Doyle, and others have laid sums to a large amount upon the result. The trial is far from being decided yet. Mr. Walcott having faith that his peerless stomach will carry him through, Mr. Moffat reposing serenely in his confidence in Mr. Walcott, and Mr. Case pinning his whole soul and pocket book to the scriptures.

## SHE'S GOT HIM DOWN FINE.

Mrs. Young Asks a Divorce and Recounts Hubby's Piccadilloes.

The celebrated Young divorce case in Cincinnati bristles with complications and oozes out fresh richness in the line of scandal details, as it drags its slow course along in review before the courts. On Jan. 8 Mrs. Young put in a supplemental petition full of "points" to please the gossips. It will be remembered that some months ago Mrs. Helen M. Young filed a petition for divorce from General H. C. Young, charging him with adultery with Mrs. Henrietta Griswold, at her house, No. 134 Smith street, Cincinnati, and at a place on George street. General Young then filed an answer asking for divorce, and charging Mrs. Young with adultery with Frank T. Foster. You will remember we reported how Foster thereupon waylaid Young in the street and gave him a cowardly for making the charge contained in the petition. Then both sides wrangled away in the courts and three sets of lawyers succeeded in tangling things up in such a snarl that it seemed the devil himself couldn't set things straight. To add more to the agony Mrs. Young, on the 6th inst., put in a second amended supplementary petition, laying out her "hubby" completely.

This petition sets forth that in addition to the acts of adultery alleged to have been committed by the defendant, as stated in the plaintiff's amended petition, the defendant did, on or about the 10th day of August, 1878, commit adultery with a woman of bad repute in

the city of London, England, whose name is unknown to the plaintiff, at an assignation house, the number and street where located being unknown to the plaintiff, but that it was a place publicly known as an assignation house. Also, that on or about the 20th day of August, 1878, the defendant, H. C. Young, committed adultery with a woman named Rose Benson, in the city of Paris, France; that on or about the 15th day of November, 1878, the defendant committed adultery with an inmate of the house of ill-repute of Kitty Bennett, on Longworth street, in the city of Cincinnati; that on or about the 10th day of July, 1877, the defendant committed adultery with Mrs. Henrietta Griswold, at the Beebe House, Put-In-Bay, Lake Erie, Ohio; also, with the same woman, at the same place, on or about the 18th day of August, 1879; also, with the same woman at her house, No. 134 Smith street, in that city, on the 5th day of October, 1882.

## AN ASTOUNDING OUTRAGE.

A Young Woman Violated by Tramps in a Public Street of Akron, O.

A terrible outrage at 7 o'clock on the evening of Jan. 4 in one of the main streets of Akron, Ohio. Two men, supposed to be tramps, seized on Victoria Smith, a young lady resident of that city, who was on her way home after a visit to a neighbor, threw a wet cloth with some anesthetic over her face, holding a knife and hatchet over her and threatening to kill her if she made resistance. They pushed her rapidly along until they had passed her father's house, when they threw Miss Smith in the snow alongside a fence and both assaulted her. After they had finished their fiendish work the larger of the two men took a sharp knife and cut every particle of Miss Smith's hair from her head. She was left where the deed had been committed and was discovered by some men returning from work, who assisted her to her father's house where medical aid was summoned.

Miss Smith is a young lady who has always stood high in the estimation of those who knew her, about 20 years of age and very comely. Her hair is said to have been the most luxuriant and beautiful of any in the city, being of great length and exceedingly fine in texture. For some days the city has been infested with a gang of tramps whom the inadequate police force have not been able to drive away. The force of officers in the city is but nine in number, only one-half of whom are on duty at one time. This in a city of 25,000 is ridiculously small. The supposition is that some members of this gang of tramps are the parties guilty of this outrage and vigilance committees are talked of to hunt down and lynch the parties. The only means of detecting them will be at the time when they attempt to sell the hair of the young lady, as they undoubtedly will do very soon.

The young lady's father is frantic with grief and feels terribly about the affair, as she was to have been married within a few months and he fears that this may be the means of breaking off the engagement existing between his daughter and the young man of her choice. An interview with the young man is to the effect that he will now marry the young lady more willingly than ever if she recovers, for now she has met with a misfortune that it is his part to help bear. The young lady is in a very critical condition and may not live through the painful illness that ensues from the dastardly outrage and attendant exposure.

## "DROP THAT STRING."

A Variety Actress Spoils the Practical Joke of a Chicago Masher.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A variety actress of the serio-comic song-and-dance order, named Millie Martin, is in New York looking for an engagement at Miner's. She has been for the past year doing the circuit of the far western towns, taking in Denver, Leadville, Deadwood and mining settlements within a radius of four hundred miles. She knows a thing or two, does this artiste, and it's a cold day when she gets left. A fresh young man of the Freddie Gebhard order attempted to guy her in a Chicago variety show a short time since by throwing on the stage a bouquet to which was a string. He intended to haul off the floral offering when she stooped to pick it up, but Millie was too fly for him. "She had it in for that fellow and was ready for him. Skipping over to the prompter's desk she seized a revolver and covering the funny masher with the gun she commanded, "Drop that string!" He dropped it, she froze to the bouquet and smiling sweetly bowed her acknowledgements to the audience and skipped off R. 2 E., with the remark that she was no chump. And she isn't, you bet.

## AN EXPERIMENT IN SERAGLIOS.

A Kansas Man Tries to Start One and Finds Himself in Hot Water.

A gentleman of Kansas City, Mr. Lansing M. Eaton, has been laboring hard for some months to organize and maintain a seraglio. He had a wife to begin with but in addition started an establishment for a pretty grass widow, Mrs. Keith. Going still farther he furnished sumptuous quarters for Miss Eliza Earnshaw. He lived with the three women for a year and was not found out. Finally last April Mrs. Keith found out Mrs. Earnshaw and in her jealous rage had Eaton lugged into court on a charge of bastardy, producing a baby in evidence. This left in Eaton's establishment only Miss Earnshaw and his wife. On Jan. 5 the latter found out Miss Earnshaw and there was the devil to pay. Between the three women the man has gone dead broke, having lost his business, his reputation and his avoirdupois. The experiment in seraglios is a failure.

## PRESENT AND PAST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is always a tanger-on of a theatre who is associated with its history. He may be a stage carpenter or a back door keeper, but whoever he is he belongs to the house. In the same way, the theatre generally claims some female relic of its past who, commencing her career as a ballet fairy, winds up as some scrub-woman or peanut seller to her successors. The past waits upon the present in our picture. Does her presence suggest to any of her patrons the future they may have to face? Doubtless not. The average ballet girl is not particularly addicted to reflection, at least while the champagne suppers last. It is time enough for her to face the future when it comes, as it came to her predecessor and to many another before her, and will come to her successors, too, in turn.





TOWSER ON THE LOOSE.

HOW THE PLAYFUL PET OF THE SPORTING BOARDER RAN THE HOUSE ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT AND PLAYED HAVOC WITH THE LADY GUESTS' APPETITES AND WARDROBE; NEW YORK CITY.



THE PARSON DON'T ARRIVE.

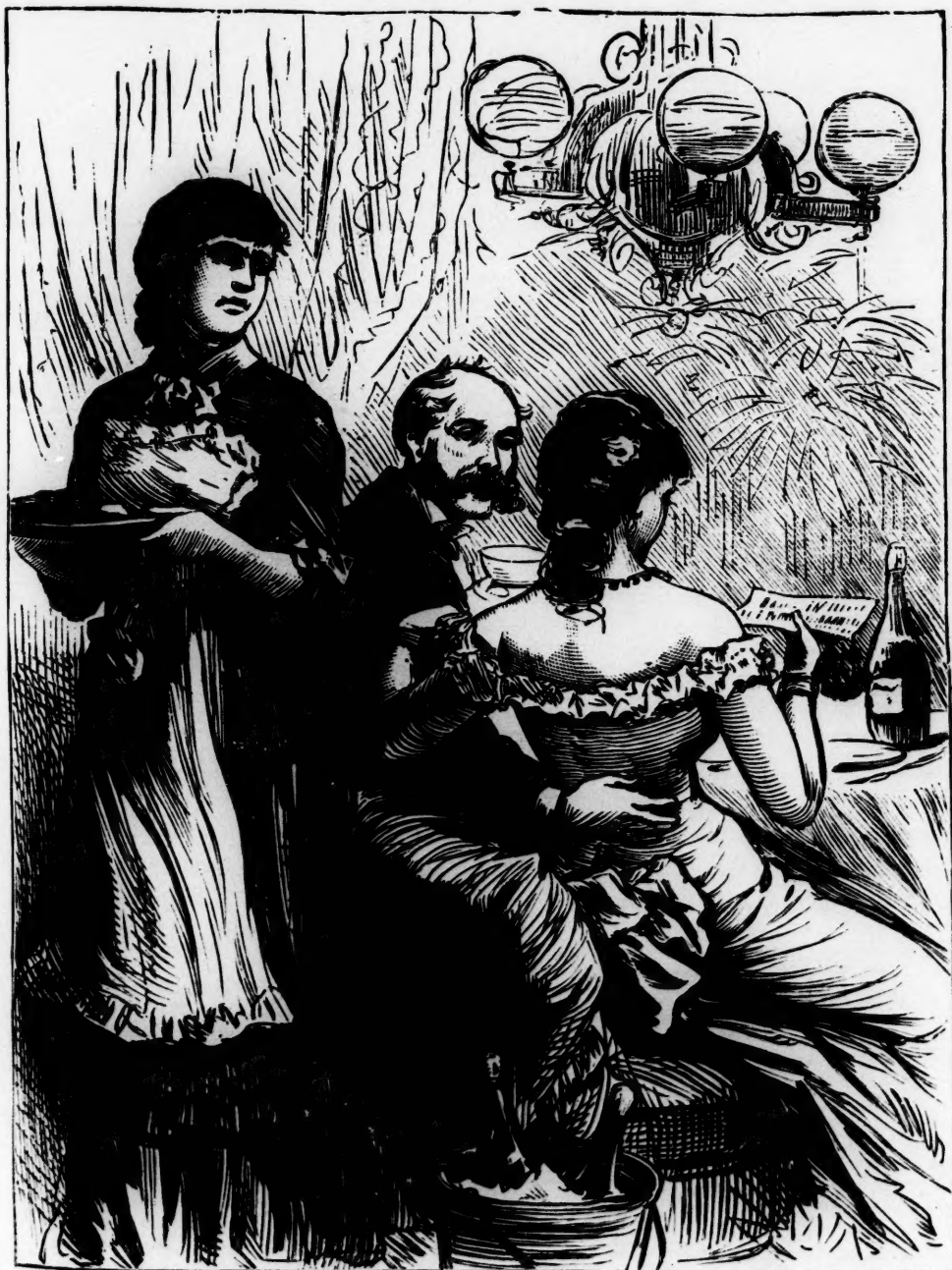
HOW JOE POTTS LOST ANOTHER NIGHT'S SPORT, AND HIS LADY FRIENDS GOT LEFT FOR A CHAMPAGNE SUPPER, AS DESCRIBED IN "PARIS INSIDE OUT," PAGE 6.





A SCRIPTURAL TEST.

A QUAIL EATING MATCH FOR A HEAVY STAKE AT GABE CASE'S HOSTELRY EXCITES ALL THE NEW YORK SPORTS, ROADSMEN AND THEOLOGIANS.



TRAPPED BY A FEMALE DETECTIVE.

THE EMBEZZLING CASHIER OF A NEW YORK HOUSE, CAUGHT BY A NEAT RUSE OF A SHREWED YOUNG WOMAN.



EXPLOSIVE PILLS AND POWDERS.

A MISTAKE OF AN IGNORANT BROOKLYN DOCTOR LEADS TO A CHEMICAL COMBINATION IN THE MATERIA MEDICA THAT NEARLY BLOWS A PATIENT'S HEAD OFF.



## ZERALDA HAS A LARK.

A Fly Young Girl of Seventeen Fools  
All the Greybeards.She Disappears and Reappears With  
a Romantic Story of Abduction  
and Thrilling Adventure.

There has been a lively time among the "tons" of St. Louis for two or three weeks and all on account of the escape of a sly young girl of 17, Miss Zeralda Garrison, who chose to disappear for a week out of pure cussedness or something worse. She is a member of one of the wealthiest and highest stepping thoroughbred families of the city and has always been petted and afforded every luxury, so her escapade becomes all the more astonishing by reason of that fact. She was a pupil at the Maryville Convent of the Sacred Heart and after spending the holidays with her family started to return to the convent on Saturday, Jan. 6. She had always gone before by her uncle's carriage but the horses were not in condition and on this occasion she decided to go alone by the street car which would necessitate a walk from the end of the route. The conductor directed her to the car starter for information as to the route she should pursue to reach the convent.

She started on her way but never reached the convent. It was said that four suspicious looking men were seen following her and that one of them was heard to express his admiration in flowery phrase—he said she was a "laisy." Her disappearance was not known until the next Thursday, Jan. 11, when she had been gone five days. Her uncle accidentally inquired at the convent and learned that she had not been there at all. Then the detectives were set at work and there was a great hullabaloo about the abduction, the outrage and all sorts of terrible things supposed to have happened.

On Thursday evening, the 11th inst., a strange young man called on Zeralda's relatives and said that for \$500 he would tell where she was. The detectives nabbed him and went to the house he had come from, where Mrs. Fanny Levy let furnished rooms, and searched it in every corner without avail. Zeralda had taken Mrs. Levy's advice and had gone to the station house and given herself up without ransom. The police captain to whom she revealed herself ordered a carriage and took her home where she wept on her mother's bosom and all the family had a good cry. After this was all over the reporters who had been reporting her dead and the old coves of the chamber of commerce who had voted a reward of \$5,000 for her recovery wanted to know something about the affair and this is the explanation she gave them:

Saturday afternoon I went down to the convent on the Fifth street cars. I usually take a carriage but I did not on this occasion. Just after I had got off the car—it must have been 2:30 or 3 o'clock—I left my sister at 1:30 or 2—near the St. Louis saloon (I don't remember whether it was east or west) two gentlemen—I call them gentlemen because they looked and were dressed like gentlemen—two fellows came up to me and said:

"Come down town with us."

I said, "No, I won't; I'm going to school."

Then one of them said, "But you must come."

This is where two roads fork. He was a blonde, about six feet high and about 200 lbs. weight. As he said that he tapped me on the shoulder. I don't know what else happened but he must have chloroformed me. I remember he put a handkerchief over my face. When I recovered consciousness two or three hours later, as I might judge, I found myself in an upper room in what seemed to be a three story brick house. I must have felt as though I were drunk—I have never been that way and can't say—my head was dizzy but I was not sick. I was kept locked in all the time and never saw any women but the landlady. She was a tall woman with black hair and black eyes. I think she meant well but was paid for keeping me there. She treated me very well all the time and I wouldn't like to have anything done to her. I heard her called Jennie or Fanny, I don't remember which. Those two gentlemen—no, those two fellows—came there half a dozen times. I heard only their first names, one was called Will and the other George. They treated me as gentlemen should and used no violence and they told me that they intended nothing except to hold me for a large reward. Yesterday they ordered me to write to my parents telling them that if they would send a large ransom I would be released, otherwise I would be kept prisoner an indefinite length of time. I refused and they told me they would keep me there then. All this time they were careful not to let me see the papers. This evening the woman came to me and showed me the paper containing an account of my disappearance and said she would let me escape. She supposed the two fellows would be angry but it was not right to keep me that way. So she took me down stairs and led me out at alley way. She would not show me the way but told me to go to the police station. On the 12th inst. the police and reporters went for Mrs. Levy, the keeper of the lodging house, who explained that two weeks before four men had hired two rooms in her house and occupied them. One was tall and thin, two were tall and stout and the other was a medium sized man of slim build. The tall, slim fellow went away with one of the stout ones called Jack on Thursday, the 4th, and did not return. He said he had a letter from his mother and was going to her. Jack came back Monday.

Mrs. Wittlein, mother of the landlady, went on to explain: In the meantime the girl got into the house. Neither myself nor my daughter saw her come in and the first we knew about her being here was about dusk last Saturday, maybe a little after 4 o'clock, when the big man, Jack, came down and said something funny had happened. We asked him what it was and he answered that Frank had gone out on one train to meet his wife and she had come in on another and was now up stairs. We were surprised. Fannie, my daughter, went up stairs and was introduced to the young lady, who was represented as Frank's wife. I do not know if any other name was used. They got her in, I suppose, while we were back in one of these rooms. Having keys they could do this very easily. We did not want any women in the house—I sent away a lodger last week who asked to have his wife come here—and we told the men up stairs so, but they said Frank would be back and they would give up their room, the front one, to his wife. They said she couldn't stop longer than Wednesday. On last, Mon-

day morning Frank came back. David, the little man, said he would go and sleep somewhere outside that night and let Frank and Jack have the back room, while Frank's wife remained in the front room. David slept somewhere else. Monday night and Frank and Jack went away to Chicago, I suppose, Tuesday evening. Since then the young lady has occupied the front room and David the back room. The door between the two has remained locked from the first and we have been unable to find any evidence of wrong doing since the lady came here.

"Who paid her board?" the reporter asked.  
"The four men paid for the rooms \$12 altogether and the rent would not be due again until to-morrow."  
"Where did she take her meals?"  
"She went out, to some restaurant, I suppose."  
"Every day?"  
"Twice a day; in the morning about 10 o'clock and again in the evening."  
"Alone?"  
"Yes."  
"And came back alone?"  
"Yes."  
"How long was she gone each time?"  
"About an hour; long enough to have her meal."  
"She must know the locality pretty well to be able to find a restaurant?"  
"Oh, I suppose at first the men may have gone out with her."

"Was any effort made to detain her here? Was any force used?"  
"She came and went," said the lady, "just as she pleased. Nobody seemed to be holding her. I am sure we would have been glad to have her go and the sooner the better. But the men kept on telling us stories that she would soon leave—that she would go Wednesday and so on; so we let her stay although we didn't like it."

"Did she go out at any other time except for meals?"

"Yes, the day before yesterday she went out and bought some papers. She said she wanted something to read and she bought two morning papers every day. I believe now she was looking in them for this very thing that has come to pass."

"When did you first discover the identity of your lodger?" the reporter asked Mrs. Levy.

"Only to-day," the lady replied; "about five o'clock a gentleman employed in Rosenthal & White's, called and showed me the paper with the account of Miss Garrison's disappearance. I had seen the name on the lady's small satchel up stairs and told my mother that she must be the missing girl. I then went up and found the lady walking the floor and rubbing her hands. I showed her the article and said she was the person indicated in it. She said she was, and asked me what she should do. I told her she must leave my house. She said she wanted to wait until dark, when she would go to the station and get a policeman to take her home. Later I went out the back way with her, and from Eighth street showed her how to reach the station."

"What did she say about the manner in which she got there?"

"She said that the newspaper account was wrong—that the four men mentioned in the article did not have anything to do with it. That she met two men—Jack and David—after getting off the cars; that Jack smiled at her and she supposed she smiled at him. Then he spoke to her, asking if she would go into the saloon and take a drink. David said no that would not do, and she herself refused to have anything to drink. Then Jack said he could take her to a nice place. She replied that she did not want to go to any place that was not respectable, and then he said he had a nice furnished room he could take her to, and where she could stay in hiding if she did not want to go to the convent any more. She said she would do anything rather than go back to the convent, and they brought her here. That's all I know about it."

And this is just the way it was, for the bookseller from whom Zeralda bought papers and a copy of "Nana," and the restaurant keeper where she got her meals corroborated the lodging house keeper. And to make it more definite, John Hughes, the man who had offered the information of Zeralda's whereabouts for a reward, gave his explanation in a corroborative vein. He said he knew David, who is a cigar dealer, he (Hughes), being a peddler. He met David in the street with the young girl and asked him who she was. David said she was a young girl he had picked up; that she called herself Zeralda Garrison and said she belonged to a respectable family, but he didn't believe her story. Then Hughes traced the couple to Mrs. Levy's house in Wash street, and went to the Garri-sons to sell the information of the missing one's whereabouts. Before this evidence the sly Zeralda weakened at last. She acknowledged the corn and now no one talks of arrests or rewards or anything of that sort. There is a general disposition to hush the affair, which is a sign of solid wisdom on the part of the Garrison family. Zeralda's romance was spoiled in the climax.

## THE OREGON WOMAN SLAYER.

## Another Murderer Identified by a "Police Gazette" Portrait.

A reward of \$1,000 has been won by officer Henry Mansfield, of Chico, Cal., through attentively studying the portraits of criminals published in the POLICE GAZETTE. Some time since we published the portrait of G. W. Smith, a pioneer settler near North Yamhill, Oregon, with a full account of his crime, which we recount in brief as follows: On August 18th, 1882, Smith murdered Mrs. Mary Petch, a neighbor of his in that wild country. He hid under a bridge over which she was driving a wagon on her way home with her little stepson. When she had passed and was up the hill, he emerged from his place of concealment, and taking deliberate aim with a Winchester rifle, shot her through the head. She had defeated him in laying claim to eighty acres of rich land belonging to the government, which she coveted herself, and in revenge he murdered her. A reward of \$1,000 was offered by the Sheriff of Yamhill County for his capture.

Officer Mansfield of Chico takes the POLICE GAZETTE, and is therefore always up with the times, and remarked especially the picture of Smith. In December he came across a man employed as a blacksmith at Rancho Chico, who answered the description given of the murderer. After watching the stranger closely for several days the officer, finally, on Dec. 20, telegraphed to Sheriff Colvard, of Yamhill County, Oregon, to learn if Smith had ever worked at blacksmithing. The answer came back that blacksmithing was his trade. On December 31 he was taken into custody.

## A MASHER'S SAD MISTAKE.

He Tries to Elope With a Girl Whose Father is a  
Fighter and Gets All Broke Up.

[With Portrait.]

Our readers will remember our account a few weeks back of the goings on of a medical student in Chicago named George Buddington, who abducted a young girl whose parents got her back in a damaged condition and only with great difficulty. Well, he got off so clear with this, as he had done in several cases of the kind before, that he went at it again, selecting a new and fresh victim. This time he began paying attentions to Miss Lizzie Peake, the 17 year old daughter of S. H. Peake, of the board of trade, and tried to persuade her to elope with him. Mr. Peake however intercepted a letter from the masher on the 13th inst. and learning from it that Buddington was to meet his daughter at the Matteson House that afternoon, provided himself with a rawhide and hastened thither. When Buddington stepped into the parlor at the appointed time Peake fell upon and beat him so unmercifully that it was feared he would die. He is now in the hospital.

It has come out that this dangerous masher has a wife in New York. She will not know him when she sees him again, however, for the irate father swung a strong arm over him and his face is all scars, bruises and welts. His beauty is a thing of the past if he escapes with his life, which is by no means a certainty yet. Verdict—serves him right.

The previous case in which Buddington was involved was an escape with a 13 year old girl, Miss Annie Lofters Jackson, the shocking details of which were revealed in a Chicago court on Dec. 23. Being put on the stand the girl acknowledged going to Buddington's office, where he made an appointment to meet her at the hospital at 5 o'clock. He asked:

"Will you come?"

"Yes, I will—in my mind," replied the girl.

Then they separated and the girl, fearing that she had misled the doctor, as she had no intention of keeping the appointment, made desperate efforts to secure a pencil with which to write a note breaking the engagement with him. This effort proving unsuccessful and the picture of the student walking up and down in front of the hospital vainly awaiting her coming so wrought upon her sympathies that she determined to meet him at any cost. Accordingly at the appointed hour she called him from his studies and Miss Jackson and Dr. Buddington walked down the street together. He said:

"Come and go to the Southern Hotel with me."

She refused.

"Why?" he asked.

"Cause I don't want to."

"Yes, you will go, you contrary thing," he replied.

Finally they compromised upon the Clarence Hotel, to which she went as his sister. He entered her room, locked the door and made improper proposals to her, to which she replied:

"Dr. Buddington, how would you like to have a young man make such proposals to your sister?"

"Oh," he said, "a doctor can do anything."

Upon her final refusal to consent to his advances he left the hotel in a rage, declaring:

"I never was played for a blank, blank sucker before. Now I am going to expose you."

The fact was forced from her that Buddington had shown her \$10 when she called at his rooms, but the careful young man would not allow her to touch it.

"Did he give you any money?" was asked.

No answer. The question was repeated and she reluctantly admitted that he had given her \$1. Here the girl's countenance, which until then had been composed, became suffused with blushes and the blood mounted to her temples, burning in her cheeks during the remainder of the trial. She hung her head, turning first one way and then another, trying to escape the fire of eyes bent upon her, but the counsel was merciless.

"Why did you go to the doctor's room the first time?" was asked.

A long pause; finally the answer came: "Cause." The question was repeated again and an answer demanded.

"I wanted to see why he stopped in front of our house one day."

This was the only reason she could give and to the inquiry whether the subject was so all important as to demand such a step—whether she could not have borne the suspense a little longer—the only reply was the sinking of her head still lower on her breast and a deeper red burning in her cheeks.

The details of her stay at the Clarence House, Choate's Hotel and the Orient House were brought out one by one, the girl crying with shame and vexation as the facts were forced from her and her denials proved false. She narrated her connection with Ben Wheeler and young Cummings and her subsequent visit to St. Louis and while nothing criminal was proven, the readiness with which male companions were taken into her confidence was shown to be characteristic of one so young and innocent. When taxed with taking Buddington's picture she replied pertly:

"I am so fond of having gentlemen's pictures, thank you," with a glance of scorn at the doctor. While in his room, she said, he exhibited to her a medicine case, a present from Mrs. Hughes, his landlady, explaining, "I guess the old woman hopes to get me married to her daughter, so she can afford to be liberal."

In answer to the inquiry as to whether she had not been accustomed to visit Douglass monument at night with male friends she said, emphatically:

"No, sir, I never played with the boys around the monument at night. I never played with the boys, anyhow."

She could not tell how the sympathies of Ben Wheeler and young Cummings were so wrought upon as to induce them to pay her board at the hotels and furnish her with a ticket to St. Louis. Yes, she admitted it was very kind of them to act thus. No, Ben Wheeler never remained over night at the hotel where she stopped. "He was at home with his mother."

The testimony of Mr. Christian, clerk at the Clarence House, showed that Buddington was anxious to obtain a room adjoining his sister's, as she was nervous and he wished to be near her in case she needed assistance.

After some minor witnesses George C. Buddington took the stand and in a supercilious, insolent manner told his story. He admitted that he was a liar and that he was married but was nevertheless paying his addresses to another lady. He had never had any "real" trouble with girls before. Annie had pleaded with him to accompany her and out of his large heartedness he consented. He gave her fatherly advice in the room at the Clarence House and told her that

through virtue lay the path to happiness. He accompanied her to the hotel because he feared that if he did not remain with her as a protector she might "go wrong."

"Annie," he said, "I will look after you and keep you from doing what you ought not to do."

He denied anything criminal between them at any time and said he knew of nothing against the girl's character. The testimony was drawn languidly forth with an affected, indifferent air. Buddington was held in \$500 bail.

## KNOCKED OUT BY AN AVALANCHE.

How a Chicago Boy Aided His Sister's Elopement  
and Stopped the Pursuit.

[Subject of Illustration.]

That the small boy enters as a potent factor in the modern problem of life needs no illustration to convince the well posted and thoroughly worldly reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, but here is a fresh case right at hand and we must give it due expression. Charley Hambright, of Chicago, was the accepted suitor of Mollie Wright, in Chicago. There were several other young men fluttering around her, but she preferred Charley—so did her brother Tommy, aged 10, and like-wise his chum of the same age, for the lover was shrewd enough to come down liberally in pocket money to the lads who met him at the front gate at every visit. The old man, however, was not friendly to Charley, and had incontinently fired him out of the house. Therefore an elopement was in order, and on the night of Jan. 11 Charley called in his sleigh, took in his fair one and drove off. The old man and the sheriff hitched up a team and started after but Tommy and his chum precipitated a big snowball they had poised on the slope of a knoll near by and perfectly swamped the rig, breaking up the turn out, starting a horse on a runaway and nearly smothering the old man and the officer. The elopers got away and the marriage took place. The small boy was thoroughly "warned" for his part in the affair, but he has the consciousness of having put his natural cussedness to good use this time at least.

## THE SPORTING BOARDER'S DOG.

He Cuts Loose in His Master's Absence and Flays  
Havoc With the Young Ladies' Wardrobe.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A friend of ours, a good-natured sport who frequents the POLICE GAZETTE office in his lounging hours, has lately returned from Europe, bringing with him a choice assortment of fishing tackle, shot-guns, nobby clothes and a thoroughbred bull terrier. Through this latter he got into trouble on the 4th inst., and was fired out of his tony boarding house in Madison avenue. He had smuggled the animal into his room and left it there one night intending to find a special boarding place suited to its savage nature. While he was absent for an hour or two hunting for these accommodations, some prying servant went into our sporting friend's room, and the dog went for her. She skipped and pursued, finally taking refuge in a room on the second floor occupied by a party of young ladies who summarily retreated to the chairs and tables while the dog raided the wardrobe and tore up all their underclothes and silk dresses. The reign of terror and the fear of fine linen lasted for a whole hour until our friend returned and called off his dog, which retreated to his own apartment with the ruffle of a nameless linen bifurcated garment about its neck. Of course he had to change his boarding place after that, and he took good care not to take the dog into his new quarters with him.

## EXPLOSIVE MEDICINES.

Powders that Blow the Patient's Head Off and  
Drenches that Act Like Fire-Crackers.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A novel accident in a hospital in Brooklyn is likely to open the eyes of the invalids of the country to the dangers they risk in putting themselves in the hands of inexperienced physicians. A nurse in the hospital mixed a couple of powders and a liquid according to prescription, on the 14th inst., and was administering them to the sick man when both the powder and the liquid exploded, severely injuring patient and nurse. An old professor being called on to explain this seeming mystery, declared it no mystery at all. He said:

"Explosive mixtures are often prescribed by doctors not well informed in materia medica. Chlorate of potash, permanganate of potash, and glycerine is one of them. A pomade of chloride of lime, sulphur and other substances will detonate when rubbed in a mortar. Hypophosphite of lime or soda, when triturated alone, sometimes explode. Pills of oxide of silver are apt to decompose with a tremendous explosion. The tincture of iodine and ammonia form the iodide of nitrogen—a violently explosive substance—which, agitated with water, is nearly certain to detonate. Chloride of potash and tannin are likely to act in the same way. A dentifrice containing chlorate of potash and catechu has been known to explode in the mouth."

Here's a fine outlook for sick men generally.

## THE WISE VIRGINS TAKE A TUMBLE.

A Church Society of Old Maids Interfere With a  
Young Girl's Flirtations and Get Tripped Up.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It was a wicked trick, but perhaps she was right. By "she," we mean young Miss Eulalie Hopkins, of Second avenue, New York. She has a maiden aunt of a very uncertain age, and a certainly very acidulated temper. Eulalie likes company of the male gender, and finds pleasure in innocent flirtation with Charley and Billy and lots of other young fellows. The aunt wouldn't have known anything about her going out if it hadn't been for the Dorcas Society of the church the family attends. This society, composed of old maids, organized itself into a band of spies on Eulalie and their weekly meetings regularly gave her away to her aunt until finally the racket was spoiled. Eulalie then laid herself out to get square. She was on hand when the society meeting of Jan. 10 was about to break up. She had rigged a rope taut across the foot of the staircase, and when the frisky old maids tripped gaily down trying to carry out the delusion to aid in serving male humanity that they were giddy young things, they tripped and went kerflop in a heap, a tangle of legs and underclothing that it would ruin an expert to untie. Eulalie is avenged by the humiliating display of spindle shanks and the other re-of-charming features developed on that occasion.



## THE ROLL OF HONOR.

## "Police Gazette" Official Record of Ring Events for 1882.

## The Victorious and Vanquished Fistic Heroes Who Have Battled for Fame and Fortune in the Arena.

As a matter of news and reference in this week's issue we publish the following official POLICE GAZETTE record of the prize fights and matches that have been arranged and fought during 1882. Another sporting journal attempted to chronicle these events, but omitted several. The following is the record:

Jan.—Morris O'Connell and James Miles, gloves, 8 r., draw, St. Louis, Mo.

Jan.—Morris Grant and Charles Hadley, gloves, purse, 1 r.; Hadley won; Harry Hill's theatre, N. Y. City.

Jan. 17—Eddy Wade and Jack Lacey, \$1,000; Lacey won in 13 r.; Leadville, Colo.

Jan. 21—Thomas Goodman beat H. Rogers, \$50, in 36 r., lasting 1h. 10m., near London, Eng.

Jan. 23—Bill to prevent prize fighting, providing for a fine of \$1,000 and imprisonment for one year or more for principals, and half that penalty for seconds, referees, etc., passed the Mississippi Senate.

Jan. 25—George Holden and Frank White were sentenced to ten days' imprisonment and fined \$50 each for fighting at Conneaut, Jefferson County, Ohio.

Jan. 26—First contest for the POLICE GAZETTE medal and the colored heavy-weight championship of America, won by Morris Grant; Harry Hill's, New York City.

Jan. 28—Jim Davis beat Shaw, \$50, with gloves in 1h. Brisbane, Australia.

Feb.—Henry Cook and James Gleeson fought for a purse, 31 r., 2 h. 15 m., draw; London, Eng.

Feb.—"Tricky" Hook and Geo. Collins fought for \$125 trophy. Collins won in 10 r. 40 m., near London, Eng.

Feb.—"Box" Heffron and Wm. Bambrey fought with gloves. Bambrey won in 20 r.; room in New York.

Feb. 3—George Holden and Frank White were liberated from Jefferson prison, Ohio.

Feb. 3—George Elliott and Chas. McLaughy fought 63 r. in 1h. 30m.; Elliott won; near Louisville, Colo.

Feb. 3—Billy Dinn and Peter Burns fought in a room in Chicago, Ill.

Feb. 7—Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan fought for \$5,000 and the championship of America. Ryan was matched and backed by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who also gave him \$1,000 to bet in the ring. Sullivan won in 9 r. 11m.; Mississippi City, Miss.

Feb. 8—Harry Hickson and "Watty" fought for a purse. Hickson won in 15 r. 35m., London, England.

Feb. 11—Simmons and Johnson fought for \$50. Simmons won in 15 r. 35m., at Wood Green, England.

Feb. 11—John F. Hayes and A. P. Yills fought with gloves for a purse. Hayes won in 6 r.; New Haven, Conn.

Feb. 11—George Sutton and Jim Smith fought with gloves for a purse. Sutton won in 7 r., at Gasport, Eng.

Feb. 12—Billy Carroll shot and severely wounded Henry Kelly at St. Louis, Mo.

Feb. 15—Jem Carney sentenced to 6 months and Wm. Price, James Hodgkiss, John Brown and Harry Bagnall to 4 months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of James Highland in a prize fight; Warwick, Eng.

Feb. 16—G. Munroe, Jem Mace's Black, and V. W. L. Atkins fought with gloves for a purse. Atkins won in 8 r., at Nottingham, Eng.

Feb. 17—B. Mundis and Tom Fitzgerald fought with hard gloves for \$500 a side. Fitzgerald won in 14 r. 35m., at Leaville, Colo.

Feb. 19—Larry O'Brien and Ed Denton fought for \$200. O'Brien won in 12 r., at Pittsburg, Ill.

Feb. 27—Wm. Stretz and Chris Spanier fought for \$100. Stretz won in 6 r. foul; Cincinnati, O.

Feb. 28—John Flint, pugilist, arrested, charged with the murder of Geo. Coles, Chesterfield, Eng.

March—Wm. Blackwood, ex-pugilist, died, aged 63 years, at San Francisco, Cal.

March 1—R. Fulda won first prize, W. F. Baulton, second, and D. Eisman, third, for the amateur middle weight championship of California, at the sparring tournament held at San Francisco, Cal.

March 4—Jacob Hawker and Michael Logan fought for a purse. Logan won in 2 r., at Johnson, Pa.

March 5—Billy Carroll and Joe Freeman were to have fought for \$200, police interfered and arrested Carroll at Peoria, Ill.

March 7—Wm. England and Thos. Goodson fought with hard gloves for \$250. England won in 9 r., 34 m., near London, England.

March 10—John J. Dwyer, the noted pugilist, died at St. Peter's Hospital, Brooklyn.

March 22—Peter Brislin and E. Hamratt fought for \$150. Brislin won in 26 r., 30 m. 26 s., London, England.

March 23—Miss Carrie Edwards and Miss Alice Jennings boxed for the international championship. Miss Edwards won. At Harry Hill's, New York City.

March 25—Jack Hicks and Sugar Goodson fought with gloves for a silver cup, valued at \$500. Police interfered after 3 r. had been contested, London, England.

March 28—Wm. Shaw, ex-pugilist, 41, aged 40, London, England.

March 29—Wm. Tracey acquitted of the charge of having murdered Chas. P. Miller, New York City.

April—James Homers and Jack McNeill fought for a purse. Homer won in 5 r. in 11m., at Cleveland, Ohio.

April—John McCarty (white) and Frank Price (colored) fought with gloves for a purse. McCarty won in 5 r. in 35m., on the U. S. Flagship New Hampshire, at Newport, R. I.

April—Con Orem and Frank Mason fought with gloves for \$200. Orem won in 9 r. in 12m.; Montana Territory.

Apr.—Frank Jones and Tommy Vaughan fought for a purse. Vaughan won in 5 r. at Lafayette, Ind.

April—Wm. Boder and Jack Reagan fought for \$100. Reagan won in 5 r. at Allegheny City.

## THE PRIZE RING.

## Gossip About Mace, His Maori Wonder, and Great Events to Come.

The country press is bristling with news of Jem Mace, John L. Sullivan and Herbert A. Slade, the Maori, whom Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, instructed Jem Mace to bring with him to America to fight John L. Sullivan. In nearly every village, town and city in the United States and Canada, sporting men are excited over the arrival of Mace and his great New Zealand protegee and everyone is on the tip of expectation to learn whether Mace will be matched to fight Sullivan or whether Richard K. Fox will back Slade against the champion. Never since the great battle arranged by the POLICE GAZETTE between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, has there been such a pugilistic craze.

In bar rooms, barber shops and even in grocery stores you will hear nothing but Mace and his New Zealand giant coupled with Sullivan. In San Francisco, Cal., before Mace and his protegee left they made a great impression. Slade's set to at the Olympic club gave the New Zealand champion a set back because Robinson, who by the way puts up a 201 lb. dumb bell, is said to have "beaten" him. Jem Mace knew how it was and as supposed he was conferring a favor on the members of the Olympic club by ordering Slade not to do his best. It was a foolish move. However, for in our opinion a pugilist who is looking for a reputation should never agree to "run second" but be first over the hurdles every time and win, asking no favors and giving none.

Billy Edwards made his mark by beating everybody he could in the arena, whether it was in a prize fight with nature's weapons unadorned or with the mufflers. Arthur Chambers, another retired champion, would never let a pugilist best him in or out of the ring if he could help it, while Joe Coburn made it a point in his fistic career to never lose a prize fight. Therefore we think Slade should have been allowed to best Robinson, the heavy-weight champion of the Olympic club, if he was able to do so.

Be that as it may, when Slade meets Sullivan he can rest assured he will find that he is a superior pugilist to Robinson. He will find that he can hit harder and quicker and no matter how scientific he may be Sullivan will find his weak points. At Madison Square Garden, New York, on Jan. 29, Jem Mace will be tendered a benefit and he will be ready to put on the gloves with Sullivan. He will also give a grand scientific display of boxing with Slade should the champion refuse to meet him.

Slade in an interview says he does not think there is a man in the world that can best him with the gloves. A western reporter who has seen Slade says:

"Six feet two and a half in his bare feet, with enormous shoulders and a depth of chest perfectly astounding, with arms like railroad ties, small wrists and large, powerful hands, with enormous knuckles, his appearance was one calculated to astonish a man of ordinary size."

Slade possesses wonderful development, his carriage is dignified and manly and one would judge by looking at him that if he has the nerve and pluck he should be able to stand successfully before any man in the world. At Madison Square Garden on Monday, Jan. 29, the public of New York will be better able to judge, as they will see Slade perform.

At Harry Hill's theatre, Houston street, New York, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 25, the POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the heavy-weight colored championship of America will be again contested for. Chas. Hadley of Bridgeport recently won the trophy after battling for it five times, winning three of the contests but he returned it to the POLICE GAZETTE, which again offers it for competition. The following noted pugilists have entered to bet for the trophy: Morris Grant of New York, champion of America; Chas. C. Smith of Port Huron, Mich., champion of the west; Chas. Hadley of Bridgeport, Conn.; Viro Small of Vermont; Chas. Fletcher of New York; Chas. Cooley of Providence; Ned Mallaban's unknown.

Harry Hill will be referee and Frank Whittaker master of ceremonies, while Wm. E. Harding will manage the affair.

At the Commercial athletic club rooms at Boston, Mass., on Jan. 11, John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, entertained a large audience in giving a boxing exhibition with Pete McCoy. Many of the sports present had never seen Sullivan stripped and when they did they all acknowledged that a finer specimen of manhood never stepped inside a ring.

"We are just going," said Sullivan, "to give an exhibition for the benefit of the club. There will be no hard hitting and I am just doing it to oblige my friends."

They had three rounds and clever work was done, Sullivan only using his left with which he was able to keep his opponent off and give him some quick taps. Many of Sullivan's friends who have not seen him use the mittens for a long time were surprised at his improvement in the manly art.

At Chicago sporting circles are excited over the announcement made by Paddy Ryan that he has decided to again enter the prize ring. The ex-champion says:

"I wasn't in good shape when the New Orleans mill took place. I was over confident and was suffering from a physical trouble. It taught me a lesson which I will remember in the future and which will help me out when I fight Sullivan again. I can't tell yet when I will challenge Sullivan but it will be as soon as I get right. I've quit drinking and am gradually getting into condition. I am satisfied that I can cope with Sullivan when I'm myself. I think I will turn the tables on Sullivan next time. If I went against him nine rounds when I was suffering excruciating pain and never had a scratch except a slight abrasion on my lip, I think I can knock him out of time when the circumstances are favorable. At least I have a desire to try it and I will not be content until I do."

Ryan has requested Richard K. Fox to again match him but with Jem Mace and Slade, the half-breed, on his hands Mr. Fox has doubtless all he can do without losing another \$10,000 on Paddy Ryan.

Mike Cleary, the noted pugilist, was considerably out of pocket by Mayor King of Philadelphia's stopping the boxing show arranged to be held at the American theatre, Philadelphia, on Jan. 16. It must be hard lines on the many patrons of boxing in the Quaker City when the authorities step up and prevent a sparring exhibition merely because the local heavy-weight champion agrees to meet the champion of America in a friendly set-to with the gloves.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## POSTMASTERS, TAKE NOTICE.

Postmasters or others residing in the State of Texas and elsewhere throughout the United States, will find it financially to their interest to raise clubs in their respective localities for the POLICE GAZETTE. A liberal discount will be paid to all postmasters for each subscription forwarded to us. And for each club of ten, a free copy in addition to the commission will be sent. Sample copies for distribution sent on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,  
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

A. B., New York.—C. was out.

H. V., Harrison, N. J.—There is no difference.

W. H. P., Brooklyn.—We recently published the picture.

H. W., Boston, Mass.—Tom Hyer died of dropsy of the heart, June 26, 1864.

L. R., Olean, N. Y.—She came to this country the middle of October last.

F. B. G., Address Col. T. Allston Brown, dramatic agent, New York City.

F. P. D. R., Santa Rita, N. M.—Will pay for all important photographs used.

W. E. H., Jefferson, Iowa.—From Sarony, the photographer. 2. She is about 28.

C. E. W., Pittsburg, Pa.—Mrs. Langtry was born in the island of Jersey. Hence the title Jersey Lily.

H. S. U.—Prickett and Harry Hill wrestled for the championship of America at New York, Aug. 1864. Prickett won.

M. S., Rochester, N. Y.—You are correct and B is wrong. Blondin first crossed Niagara Falls on a cable on June 30, 1859.

A. D. S., Hamilton, Ont.—Geo. Starr, Manager of Bunnell's Museum, New York, can give you the desired information.

D. G., Stockton, Cal.—Nat Langham died at London, England, Sept. 1, 1871. He was the only pugilist that defeated Tom Sayers.

M. H., Charlotte, N. Y.—James Elliott was born at Athlone Island, Sept. 12, 1811. He stands 6 feet 1 inch and in condition weighs 171 pounds. 2. No.

M. S., Boston, Mass.—Flora Temple began trotting in 1850. She first trotted in 2:40 at the Union Course, L. I., on Nov. 10, 1852. Her time was 2:10, 2:30, 2:33.

H. M., New York City.—The son of a citizen of the United States born abroad while his parents are traveling in foreign countries is eligible to the Presidency.

J. K., Elmira, N. Y.—John McCullough played for several seasons with Forrest, and imitates the latter in all his parts. He is a very bad imitation in every respect.

W. S., Robertsdale, Ill.—Tom Allen and Mike McCoolle fought the second time at Chateau Island, Sept. 23, 1873. Allen won in seven rounds lasting twenty minutes.

H. G., Louisville, Ky.—Duncan C. Ross, the champion athlete, is all he claimed to be. His money has time and again been deposited with the POLICE GAZETTE to back up his challenges.

G. W., Boston, Mass.—The distance from New York to Melbourne, Australia, is 12,303 geographical miles—that is, by the Cape of Good Hope. The distance from New York to Melbourne by Panama is 11,165 miles.

G. H. H., Charleston, S. C.—The words, "Then You'll Remember Me," are not interpolated in Balfe's opera, "The Bohemian Girl." They were written in the original libretto and the music was afterwards written to them.

M. W. S., Seymour, Ind.—Wm. Patton is the only mountebank that we ever heard of that could turn a triple somersault. John Worland was also credited with accomplishing the feat. John Robinson never had any one to throw a triple somersault in his circus.

D. S., Toledo, Ohio.—Ned O. Baldwin and Jem Mace met in a ring Aug. 21, 1872, at Collier Station, W. Va., to fight for \$2,000 and the title of champion pugilist of the world. A referee could not be agreed upon and the stakes held by Wm. McMullen, of Philadelphia, were withdrawn.

A. & B., Gunnison City, Colo.—Judging from the fact that Tom Walling, of Williamsburg, Colo., posted a forfeit with Richard K. Fox and challenged Bryan Campbell to fight, and the latter has not covered Walling's money, we should say that A wins. Jem Mace and Joe Coburn.

M. J. T., Baltimore, Md.—John L. Sullivan only fought one regular prize fight. He has fought numerous glove fights, the most important being with John Donaldson and John Flood. 2. Send for "The Life of John L. Sullivan," published at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House. Price 30 cents.

M. W., Alton, Ill.—Tom King and Jem Mace fought in the London Circuit, London, Eng., Jan. 28, 1862, for \$1,000. Mace won in forty-three rounds, fought in 1h. 8m. 2. The second battle between Jem Mace and Tom King was fought Nov. 23, 1862, at Thames Haven, England, when King won in eighteen rounds lasting 35 minutes.

C. A. S., Kansas City, Mo.—The fight between Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards lasted through twenty-six rounds, occupying 1h. 35m. Edwards was supposed to have had the best of the battle when the alleged foul took place. The articles confined the men to 125 pounds, but both were under this weight when they fought.

R. W., Eau Claire, Wis.—John L. Sullivan and James Dalton boxed twice at McCormick's Hall, Chicago. The first contest was on Aug. 12, 1881. Sullivan had offered any pugilist \$50 who would stand before him four rounds Marquis of Queensberry rules, and was knocked out. On Sept. 3, 1881, Dalton and Sullivan again met but it was a friendly set-to.

J. M. J., Indianapolis.—The so-called instructors for the stage are absolutely no good. The only real school of the drama is the stage itself. If you wish to become an actor try a small part—a very small one—in an out of the way town where the people are too forbearing to throw eggs and vegetables at beginners. If you have talent it will set you forward after this test. All the money you spend on retired actors who pretend to teach novices to be stars at the outset of their career will be wasted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



### Staten Island is Saved.

The citizens of Staten Island who have slumbered like Rip Van Winkle for many a year, have at last awakened. The most astounding change they have met since their nap is the Sabbatarian intolerance of the times and the arrogant Penal Code that is weighing down the State of New York. The Sunday skaters on Silver Lake on the Island, were scooped in a few Sundays ago; so Mr. J. E. H. Wilcox literally drummed up an indignation meeting on the night of Jan. 16 by going around the village of Castleton, S. I., with a fife and drum calling the skaters to fall in and follow him to a hall where they might raise their voices in protest against the goody good hypocrites who were so fearful the *patineurs* might glide off into hell, that they lodged them in jail if they attempted to skate on a Sunday. Mr. Wilcox and Justice Casey, who enforced the Sunday law, had a hot argument on the platform. Wilcox accused Casey in his magisterial capacity of introducing and endorsing in this country a system of tyrannous laws similar to those



KNOCKED OUT BY AN AVALANCHE.

HOW A CHICAGO BOY AND HIS CHUM AIDED HIS SISTER'S ELOPEMENT AND PREVENTED THE OLD MAN'S PURSUIT.

published on Jan. 3 showed a total of \$50,000 less than the real amount.

### Agnes Elliott.

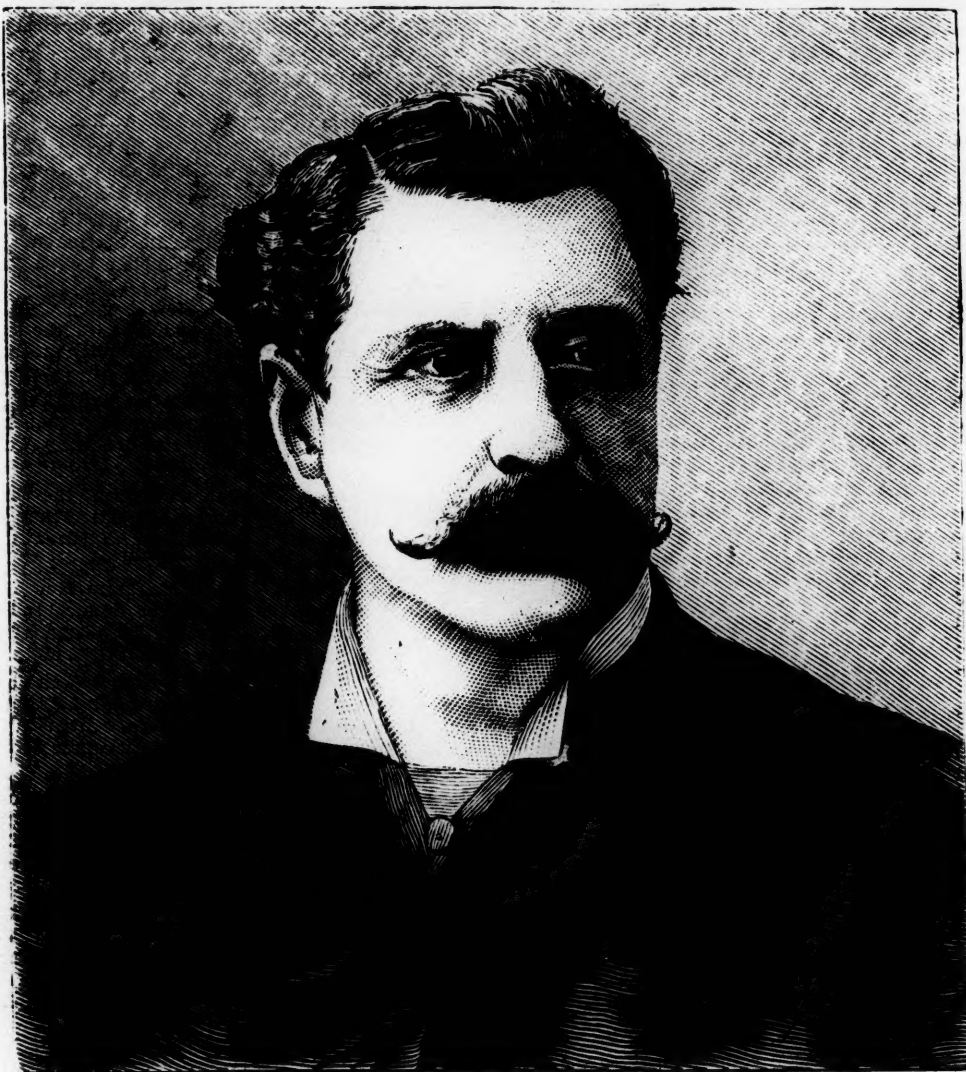
This excellent actress and beautiful woman has been for some seasons attached to the company at Wallack's Theatre. Her performances have been characterized by spirit and careful attention to detail and have marked her out as one of the most useful attaches of the company, if not of the most brilliant.

### William Hamilton.

The present co-manager of the San Francisco Minstrels has built up a record for himself on the American stage, such as needs no addition from us. The long roll call of his operatic successes has terminated in his association with this famous minstrel troupe, in which he is now the chief attraction of programmes which needed an attraction very badly to vary their dullness and monotony.

### A Jealous Husband's Crime.

Elisha Palmer shot his wife, Laura Belle Palmer, at St. Louis, on Jan. 18, and then put a bullet into his own



WILLIAM HAMILTON.

[Photo. by Naegeli.]



AGNES ELLIOTT.

[Photo. by Mora.]

that had oppressed Casey in his native Ireland and had driven him an exile to this free country. Casey replied in red-hot style, and after arguing in a circle for an hour the case ended just where it had begun. It's wicked to skate on Staten Island on a Sunday. That's fixed and more souls are saved—more angels are made in spite of themselves. Rough, isn't it, that even the Staten Islander who wants to be a devil of a fellow, has got to be a seraph anyhow. But so it is. The churchmen have got the bulge and are peopling Heaven with angels made to order and by wholesale. But Heaven, we think, by this system of colonizing, is likely to become a hell of a place, the parsons to the contrary notwithstanding.



GARRET S. BOICE,

PRESIDENT AND DIRECTOR OF THE TWO JERSEY CITY BANKS, LATELY SUSPENDED.

### Two Banks "Busted."

Two Jersey City banks suspended simultaneously on Jan. 9—the City Bank and the Fifth Ward Savings Bank. It was a clean smash, a complete burst up, of both. Garret S. Boice was the president of the City Bank and treasurer and secretary of the saving bank. The cashier of the City bank was Shaw, who is accused of complicity with Boice in the bad management or something worse, that resulted in the disaster. Among the depositors were many small merchants and tradesmen, and the loss falls heavily on them, in many cases closing up their business altogether. Boice was arrested and arraigned on Jan. 15. One of the charges against him was that on the day the City bank failed he overdrew his account to the amount of \$3,700. Boice knew the bank was insolvent and going to pieces, but the very day before it burst he hung on, saying the Erie road was at that time paying off its employees, that they would pay the bills incurred to grocers, butchers and bakers and these would make deposits which would be sufficient in the aggregate to tide over the difficulty. After getting the money of these poor people, the sum was found insufficient, and the crash came. The cashier, Shaw, it is said, lived in regal style, had carriages and liveried coachman and was part owner of a yacht. The receiver appointed to take charge of the affairs of the bank stated that the official statement of the deposits in the City bank



EDWARD E. SHAW,

THE HIGH-LIVING CASHIER OF A BURSTED JERSEY CITY BANK.

brain. Palmer is twenty-two years old and is employed by the Great Western Printing Co. Mrs. Palmer is a small, handsome and well built young woman. Not long ago Palmer was married and commenced house-keeping. His wife proved extravagant, and they soon quarrelled, young Palmer accusing his wife of infidelity. A few weeks ago she left him. On the day mentioned above, as he walked down Pine street he came upon the woman. He seized her, drew his pistol and fired at her. The ball struck her in the neck. Being satisfied that he had done his work well he placed the muzzle of his revolver to his own head and fired. Both are dangerously wounded, but were able at the last account



## A "Purring" Match.

A shin-kicking match was the novelty that stirred the blood of the sports at Camden, N. J., on the happy New Year. The match was between Bob Tavish, of Manayunk, and Dave McWilliams, of Plymouth, Pa. It attracted a large crowd of sports. The stakes were \$500. Tavish weighed 130 pounds and McWilliams swung the beam at 142. Tavish was in the best condition. The men stripped a few minutes before midnight. Both wore knee-breeches and were bare-legged from knee to ankle. McWilliams insisted on "purring" with regulation shoes. Tavish objected on the ground that he did not want to be crippled. The proper "purring" shoe is a brogan with a crescent-shaped piece of horn set in the toe. Tavish's backer insisted that the men should "purr" with a new pair of No 7 brogans. After much haggling this was agreed to, and the snarling but shivering combatants donned the shoes and faced each other. The kickers shook hands, then fell away from each other a few feet. Tavish hopped around like a dancing-master. McWilliams kicked with his right foot, but Tavish was out of reach. For five minutes they danced round each other, exchanging kicks which did not take effect. Then Reilly called time. In the twentieth round Tavish kicked his opponent on the side of the left leg, drawing blood. In the thirtieth round Tavish scraped a two-inch piece of skin from his opponent's right shin, and kicked him twice on the same leg. Tavish had the best of the next three rounds. McWilliams walked over to Tavish after the sixth round, and offered to bet \$500 that he would win. Tavish said he had no money. When the seventh round was called, McWilliams began operating on the until then unwounded shins of his lively antagonist. McWilliams kicked Tavish twice on the left leg, danced round and repeated the dose, and when time was called Tavish had four bruises on his left leg and was very tired. McWilliams had everything his own way during the succeeding rounds. Tavish rallied in



A "PURRING" MATCH.

TWO STURDY CHAMPIONS OF CAMDEN, N. J., KICK EACH OTHER'S SHINS RAW FOR A STAKE.

the fifteenth round, and by a terrific kick took a two-inch slice of skin from McWilliams' left leg. This was the worst single kick of the match, and stout-hearted as McWilliams was he winced and dropped into the arms of Brocky Dawson, who was seconding him. In the twenty-second round Tavish's second could not stop the flow of blood. They wanted to apply bandages, but Reilly would not permit it, and McWilliams kicked Tavish five times in the twenty-third round; then the latter dropped like a log and refused to go on. His legs, from

knee to ankle, were covered with cuts, and were raw as beefsteak. McWilliams got the stakes.

## A Missouri Mystery.

A sensational affray which occurred some time since in the vicinity of Independence, Mo., has just been partially unearthed and now forms the topic of talk and speculation for the uncharitable neighborhood. One Sunday evening in the early part of last December the family of N. Scruggs, a farmer, living five miles from

town, came to church accompanied by his hired man, John Pollard. Upon returning that night Pollard helped the ladies out, then drove to the barn to put his team away and upon opening the barn door a man jumped out and struck him in the face and then ran away. Pollard called to him to stop and then fired three shots, one of which took effect, but the party escaped in the brush. A few days later a farmer named Hartman, living in the neighborhood, was reported sick, and some time ago he died. Nothing was thought of it until his family spoke of some of his utterances while sick, which first pointed suspicion toward him as the party who was shot by Pollard. This story of the shooting at the barn is Pollard's story, and is the only definite account to be had, and is not fully believed by many. The neighborhood is aroused and a thorough investigation will be made. It is said that jealousy of the conduct of Pollard towards a certain young lady had something to do with the rencontre, and this rumor adds a piquant spice of romantic scandal to the mystery.

## A Mexican Beauty's Crime.

A terrible tragedy was reported on the 5th inst. from the town of Union, situated thirty miles south of Mesilla, Mexico. Ruperta Arriola de Garcia is a woman of good Mexican society, very pretty and young. She married her husband, Alejo Garcia, some months ago, and lived with him happily, until a young Mexican better looking appeared on the scene. The intimacy between the young man and woman became marked enough for remonstrance from Garcia. Ruperta declared her innocence and ostensibly forbade her paramour the house, but continued to carry on the liaison. Finally the pair determined to rid themselves of the husband. Ruperta administered arsenic to Garcia in his coffee, who died shortly after drinking it. The manner of Garcia's death aroused suspicion, which fell on Ruperta. Ruperta is now in jail at Mesilla. Her accomplice is being tried.



"DROP THAT STRING!"

HOW A SMART VARIETY ACTRESS PUNISHED A VERY FRESH CHICAGO MASHER AND SPOILED HIS NICELY PLANNED PRACTICAL JOKE BEFORE THE PUBLIC.



## SPORTING NEWS.

## IMPORTANT TO READERS.

Be sure to ask your News Dealer for the

## POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

There is only one POLICE GAZETTE, and it is published by RICHARD K. FOX, at the new POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, Franklin Square and Dover street. Our immense and steadily increasing success

## HAS INSPIRED IMITATION

on the part of numerous feeble and unscrupulous publishing houses, and the public will do well to see that they are not imposed on by any of these parasites who hope to live upon our reputation.

RICHARD K. FOX,  
Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE owner of the prize St. Bernard at a recent London dog show has refused \$30,000 for him.

GEO. HOLDEN, who accompanied Tug Wilson to England from this country, has had a benefit at Leicester and has purchased a ticket for New York.

PATSY HOGAN was the manager of the recent testimonial to Jenn Mace at the Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal. Tickets were sold at \$1 and \$2 each.

A COCKING main, New York against Long Island, will be fought on the 23d. Each side is to show 21 and fight all that fall in for \$100 a battle and \$500 the odd fight.

NEW YORK and Troy fight a main of cocks on the 25th in this vicinity. Each side is to show 17 and fight all that shall fall in for \$250 each battle and \$1,000 the odd fight.

THOS. F. DELANEY, formerly of the Gramercy athletic club, has been elected a member of the Williamsburg athletic club. He will be a great acquisition to this prosperous organization.

WITH an excess of even its usual liberality the POLICE GAZETTE, No. 285, ready Feb. 27, will be accompanied by a free gift pictorial supplement, suitable for framing, illustrating points in the career of Tom Sayers.

RICHARD K. FOX, in order to encourage sport, is going to send two medals to be contested for at the Globe theatre, at Leadville, Colo. One will be for middle-weight collar-and-elbow wrestlers, and the other for pedestrians.

THE six-day go-as-you-please tournament, 12 hours per day, was concluded at Sheffield, England, on Dec. 30, with the following result: Mason 393 miles 3 laps, Littlewood 370 miles 2 laps, Corbett 340 miles 4 laps, Day 323 miles 5 laps.

A CLUB swinging tournament for prizes offered by Nat. L. Rogers will take place at the Germania Assembly rooms, New York, on Feb. 24, under the auspices of the Hoefler athletic club, entries to be addressed to Mr. Rogers, 241 East Seventh st.

TOM CROWLEY, the Boston pugilist, not being satisfied by his recent defeat in the prize ring by Mike Scunlon, of Lynn, Mass., challenges the latter to fight again, either with or without gloves, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$100 a side.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for a chicken main between New York and Long Island, which will be fought in New York on March 1. Each side is to show 21 birds and fight all that weigh within two ounces of each other for \$100 each battle and \$1,000 the odd fight.

THE great cocking main, Louisville against New York, will be fought within 100 miles of New York on Feb. 15. Conditions are for each side to show 21 cocks and fight all that fall in for \$250 each battle and \$2,000 the odd fight. A prominent Troy turfman is stakeholder.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the champion pugilist, was presented on Jan. 12 by some friends with a beautiful gold scarf pin shaped like the head of a Taurus, with eyes of rubies. The champion briefly thanked the donors, saying that he ever hoped to assert himself as Boston's champion, a declaration that was received with applause.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS will give \$100 in prizes for a 200 yard foot race handicap to be run at Pastime Park, Philadelphia. First prize \$75, second prize \$15, third prize \$10. To be run on Monday, Feb. 12, 1893. The entrance fee is \$1, no acceptance. Entries can be made at Arthur Chambers', 922 Ridge ave., Philadelphia. All false entries will be disqualified.

A PRIZE fight took place near Birmingham, Eng., on the 26th of December between W. Wilks and Frank Silvers, alias Ponto, for \$100. Wilks had the better of the battle all through and won in 34 rounds occupying 1h. and 30m. Both men fought with the utmost fairness and considering that Ponto was 14lbs. the lighter man he made a gallant effort to save his supporters' money.

LETTERS are lying at the POLICE GAZETTE office for the following: Joe Coburn, 2; Mr. Jacoby, Paddy Golden, Frank Rose, Miss Lizzie Prague, Ed. Lear, Martin Neary, John Leary, Jim Mace, 2; Fred S. Robinson, Harry Monroe, S. M. Hackett, Paddy Ryan, Wm. Muldoon, John L. Sullivan, Dick Yarwood, Tompkins Gilbert, R. Toner, Dick Garvin, Albert M. Frey, John H. Clark.

THE largest and most artistic pictorial supplement ever issued will be presented by the POLICE GAZETTE to its readers with No. 285, out Feb. 27. This excellent work of art will equal in size once again the entire size of the POLICE GAZETTE and will be gotten up in that artistic style for which we are already famed the world over.

AT Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 12, Tom Kilcoyne and E. L. Ferrin wrestled catch-as-catch-can for \$200. Kilcoyne to be at catch weight and Ferrin at 165lbs. Shortly after the match began Ferrin lay flat on his stomach on the floor and remained there during an hour's useless struggling by Kilcoyne to move him. The referee awarded the match to Kilcoyne on the ground that Ferrin would not wrestle.

HARRY WEBB, the noted sporting man of Pueblo, Colo., proprietor of the "Police Gazette Shades", has met with a heavy loss. On Jan. 9 Webb's saloon, which was situated on the corner of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, was burned down. Only two days previous to the conflagration Webb had rented the whole of the building and paid a year's rent in ad-

vance. Webb, we regret to say, only saved a part of his stock.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE new offices during the week: Tommy Ray, Prof. Bauer, Tom Gould, Prof. Fred S. Robinson, Tom McAlpine, James Daugrey, Pop Whittaker, Donald Dinnie, John McMahon, Frank Stevenson, Jim Patterson, Edwin Bibby, Jim Smith, Harry Monroe, Pete McCoy, George Rooke, John McLaughlin, George Seddons, Wm. F. McCoy, James D. Shields, J. W. Lane, Gus Lambert.

PETE MCCOY, the pugilist, gave a boxing exhibition at Odd Fellows' Hall, Hoboken, N. J., on Jan. 18 and wound up with John L. Sullivan. Frank Whittaker was master of ceremonies. Among the pugilists who competed in arenic display were Funnio Cooke, Dan Doherty, Jim Murray, George Taylor, the colored champion; Johnny Riley, Steve Taylor, Bob Farrell and Frank White. An immense crowd was present and McCoy and Sullivan made a great set-to.

JIM MURRAY, of New York, formerly of Providence, R. I., and Eddie Frazier of Boston, Mass., fought by agreement six rounds at the Crib club, Boston, on Jan. 12. John L. Sullivan was the referee. The fighting was all in Murray's favor and he punished Frazier terribly at the close of the sixth round. Sullivan by a mutual understanding between both pugilists declared the battle a draw and the men divided the stakes.

THE match between J. W. Raby and W. Franks, to walk one hour for \$250, was decided at Little Bridge, London, England, December 18. Franks dashed off with the lead, and held it for 200 yards, after which Raby caught and passed him. Once in front Raby was never again headed, and won by 100 yards, covering 8 miles 171 yards in the hour, or one yard less than the best English record, made by W. Griffin, on October 4th, 1891. The time of the leader's miles are as follows: 1 mile, 6m. 58s.; 2 miles, 14m. 10s.; 3 miles, 21m. 28s.; 4 miles, 28m. 55s.; 5 miles, 36m. 16s.; 6 miles, 43m. 48s.; 7 miles, 51m. 27s.; 8 miles, 59m. 13s.; 9 miles, 171 yards in 1 hour.

THE great wrestling tournament for the POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the amateur Græco-Roman championship of America, offered by Richard K. Fox, will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Jan. 30 and 31 at Volks Theatre, 201 Bowery, N. Y., under the management of William E. Harding. Any bona fide amateur wrestler in the United States will be allowed to compete for the trophy. Among entries so far received are Young Bibby of New York, Harry M. Herbert of New York, Geo. M. Wallis of Baltimore, Md., and J. Brinkerhoff of Boston and numerous others. The affair is creating a furore among the numerous wrestlers.

AT the opera house at Louisville, Ky., on Jan. 15 there was an exciting wrestling match between John Graham, said to be the ex-champion wrestler of Great Britain, and Clarence Whistler of Kansas. The stakes were \$500 and the bouts were catch-as-catch-can and Græco-Roman. The first round, catch-as-catch-can, was won by Whistler. The second round, Græco-Roman, was won by Graham on a claim of foul against Whistler. In the third round, Græco-Roman, after wrestling seven minutes Graham threw Whistler to the floor heavily, the fall breaking the latter's right shoulder. After a short discussion, when it was found Whistler could not continue the contest, Graham was declared the winner.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was created at Port Huron, Mich., recently over the announcement that W. H. Thompson, a heavy-weight pugilist, had undertaken to knock out a caver middle-weight from New York, named J. A. McDonald, for a stake of \$30 a side. The first two rounds were in favor of Thompson, but McDonald had the best of the third and it looked as if he had it all his own way, but depending too much upon his ability to get out of danger he left himself open, when Thompson landed a terrific right-hander on the neck which felled him, and when time was called for the fourth round he was unable to come to the scratch.

THE cocking main between Chicago and Milwaukee, was fought at Shermer, Cook county, Wis., on Jan. 10. The conditions were for each side to show 15 and fight all that fell in for \$100 each battle and \$1,000 the odd fight. W. M. Mitchell of the humane society appeared on the scene at the end of the seventh battle and arrested M. C. Conrad, the proprietor of the pit, and broke up the sport. Chicago chanticleers had won six out of the seven fights and were awarded the main. The crowd being incensed at the sport being broken up attacked Mitchell, beating him badly about the body and face and he would have been killed had not one of the principals in the main protected him.

WE have received a copy of a sporting almanac which the late Frank Queen's decayed sporting journal issues annually, and claims to be correct. The best part of the book is the cover. The contents are just as near correct as the prize ring chronology for 1892, which the galvanized one-sided sporting sheet recently issued. The prize ring record was full of mistakes and incomplete and useless, because a number of important events were not recorded at all. It is evidently a difficult matter for the concern to issue a reliable record, for they recently chronicled that McGuigan defeated Homan in the foot race at Boston, Mass., whereas Homan was the victor. In the alleged sporting almanac record for six day go-as-you-please races, the record is not correct and incomplete, while the book is full of errors, just as bad as in the previous year's issue. As an authority on sporting matters it is worthless.

MICHAEL DONOHUE seeing no prospect of J. H. Taylor, of Fisherville, N. H., arranging a square match for the light-weight championship, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 16th, and withdrew his money, but he left the following business-like offer for the would-be light-weight champion:

NEW YORK, Jan. 16, 1893.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE:  
SIR—Seeing no prospect of John H. Taylor, of Fisherville, N. H., arranging a match to wrestle me for the light-weight championship of America and \$250 a side, I have decided to draw my \$50, which has been lying at the POLICE GAZETTE office since August 7, 1892. If Taylor ever wants to wrestle I will be ready to arrange a match and wrestle him at Concord, N. H., providing he will allow Thomas Tierney, of St. Albans, and W. E. Harding to select a referee.

MICHAEL DONOHUE, Light-weight champion.

Look out for No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE, ready Feb. 27. With it will be given away a superb pictorial supplement, for framing, illustrating the career of Tom Sayers.

IN order to encourage wrestling in the Keystone State, Richard K. Fox has decided to offer a valuable POLICE GAZETTE gold medal representing the catch-as-catch-can wrestling championship of Pennsylvania. All wrestlers residing in that State who do not exceed 140 pounds in weight will be allowed to compete for the trophy. It will become the property of any wrestler who shall win it three times. The medal has been forwarded to Arthur Chambers, 922 Ridge avenue, who will manage all competitions for the trophy. The first contest will take place at Philadelphia on Feb. 28, and those who desire to compete will forward their entries to Arthur Chambers.

LOOK out for the POLICE GAZETTE No. 285, ready Feb. 27. With that number you get, free, a superb supplement, for framing, equal in size to the whole paper, and treating in the best style of the engraver's art the heroic points of climax in the ring career of Tom Sayers.

PROFESSOR THIEBAUD BAUER, the champion French wrestler, arrived from St. Louis, Mo., on the 12th inst. On Jan. 15 he called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1893.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE:  
SIR: I will wrestle Herbert A. Slade, Mace's Maori, at Græco-Roman, for \$300 a side. It is claimed that Slade threw Prof. Wm. Miller in New Zealand, and I am very anxious to meet him to see if he can throw me. I will meet Slade or his backers at the POLICE GAZETTE office any time he may name to sign articles of agreement.

PROF. THIEBAUD BAUER.

Bauer's backer was ready to post money, but not knowing whether Slade will wrestle, Mr. Fox considered it unnecessary until Slade declares what he intends to do.

THE second race for the dog running championship of America and the POLICE GAZETTE champion dog collar will be run at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Monday, Feb. 12, under the management of Arthur Chambers. The contestants will be Alfred Barber's Maud S. and Arthur Chambers' Let Her Come. The match was originally made between Annie, who won the POLICE GAZETTE trophy at the first competition, and Let Her Come, but Annie was killed. Arthur Chambers could have claimed the \$50 posted and the trophy but did not do so. In order not to let the race fall through the balance of the entrance fee, \$50, was paid for the late Annie and Maud S. was entered which will make the amount of the sweepstakes to be run for \$300 and of which the winner will pay Doc. Hoyle \$50. The race is looked forward to with eager interest and a large crowd will no doubt witness it.

ARRANGEMENTS were completed at the POLICE GAZETTE office, on Jan. 15, for a wrestling match for \$500 and the mixed wrestling championship. The match came about in this way: John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, recently posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and issued a challenge offering to wrestle any man in America one fall collar-and-elbow, one fall catch-as-catch-can with jockets, and one fall side-hold, for \$250 a side. Duncan C. Ross, the champion athlete and wrestler, accepted and notified McMahon that he would meet him on Jan. 15 to post a deposit and sign articles. According to agreement Ross was on hand as prompt as usual. The Green Mountain athlete was also at the POLICE GAZETTE office to settle the matter. No time was lost in arranging the preliminaries for the contest, the only hitch being in the selection of a referee. Wm. E. Harding was finally selected to fill that position and the rival athletes signed articles to wrestle for \$250 a side and the championship of America at mixed wrestling, one fall collar-and-elbow, one fall catch-as-catch-can with jockets and one fall side hold. Ross covered the \$100 McMahon had previously posted with Richard K. Fox and agreed that the latter should be final stakeholder. The match is to be decided at Madison Square Garden, Tuesday evening, February 6. The final deposit of \$150 a side is to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 18th and either failing to make good his final deposit is to forfeit all the money up. The sporting fraternity has been eager for a match between these rivals as they have been abusing each other for the past six years. The match is fixed for Feb. 6 and will be contested in this city. It will differ from most wrestling contests that have occurred in New York, as each man is an expert in his style. A close contest will be the result. The men have agreed to wrestle until either wins, and as there is considerable bad blood between the rivals, a fierce struggle may be anticipated.

THE great bicycle tournament for the championship will take place at the American Institute on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26 and 27. There will be a 25-mile match between John S. Prince, of Boston, champion of America, and W. M. Woodside, of Coleraine, Ireland, champion of Ireland, for \$400 stakes and the title of champion of America. Both men are in strict training and an exciting struggle is anticipated. Woodside has won over sixty prizes within eighteen months and has been unplaced only four times. Prince has won nearly every race he ever entered in, so the men are equally matched. Their time for the 25 miles is alike, but betting seems to be slightly in favor of Woodside, as he is a wonderful stayer. It is predicted that all previous records will be broken. After this race is over the League of American Wheelmen have sanctioned the management to have a 2-mile amateur race in which contest there will be the fastest riders in America for this distance. It will be a handicap race. At 10 o'clock p. m., Jan. 23, will commence the great 26-hour go-as-you-please international championship bicycle contest for the POLICE GAZETTE medal valued at \$200, and 50 per cent. of the gate receipts. This race will eclipse anything hitherto seen either here or elsewhere, for some of the finest riders in the world have already been entered, and it will be keenly contested. Some "knowing ones" think that 350 miles will be covered. This means 13½ miles an hour for the consecutive 26 hours. Several contestants have signified their intention of staying in the saddle to the finish. The following are some of the riders already entered: Mlle. Louise Armand, champion lady bicyclenne of the world; J. W. Morgan, champion of Canada; John Keen, champion of England (if he arrives in time); J. Oliver, champion of Scotland; G. Gazell, T. Harrison, Frank Hart, J. Pierce, G. Harrison, P. Murphy, Charles Smith, the Pacific champion; also W. M. Woodside and John S. Prince, if in fit condition after the 25 mile match.

HERE is something in detail regarding Billy Madden's attempt to bring out a really first-class heavy-weight pugilist in England. Madden, on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 2, pitted Robert Wallis (Keenan's Big 'Un) against John Knifton (the 81 tonner) at a well-known rendezvous, presided over by a far-famed

supporter of boxing. Only seven spectators put in an appearance. Gloves of the ordinary size were used, and the competition was governed by Queensberry rules. Madden was favorably disposed towards Wallis, in whom, however, he was prepared to discover but little science, his intention being to test his courage, which, if satisfactory, would have ensured him a Londoner a good engagement in America. Knifton stands 6 feet 1 inch and weighs 242 pounds. Wallis is one inch taller and scales 196 pounds. W. Sprinall officiated as M. C. and timekeeper, and being in readiness they stood up for

ROUND 1. Knifton at once inaugurated the proceedings with a straight left-hander on the face, following it with the right which brought about a sharp rally. After sparring for an opening Knifton again went for his man and some sharp exchanges took place; Wallis towards the end getting home a determined right-hand blow on the face. Soon after breaking away they got to close quarters, and in the midst of a decisive rally, in which both hands were effectively used Springall called time.

ROUND 2. At the call of time Knifton tried his left, but failing, quickly got out of danger. Cautiousness now prevailed, resulting in Knifton planting his left on his opponent's face and jumping out of harm's way. He soon repeated the same tactics which brought about an exciting passage at arms. Not content with the advantage gained, Knifton next visited the body and face without receiving anything in return, and now ensued a short but very busy encounter, good use being made of both hands, Knifton, before breaking, leaving his mark on Wallis' nose. After both missed a succession of dangerous left handers, the bout terminated in earnest, Knifton getting the best of a rather severe contest.

ROUND 3 and last—Knifton, as usual, forced the business and a short rally took place. Previous to again getting well within reach Knifton got home a stinging left hander and they closed. Some very decisive work was now put in and rally after rally took place, the men boxing with marked determination, the conclusion of the round being very spirited and exciting. Of time being called great surprise was manifested when it was found that no response was made by either man and thus ended what had promised to be a most interesting and satisfactory contest. It is worthy of notice that Knifton sparred infinitely better than in Madden's recent competition and greatly pleased the latter by forcing the boxing throughout. He however was as willing to cease hostilities as his antagonist but he it said to his credit he understood that he was only required to spar three rounds and labored under the disadvantage of being in bad condition. With more experience Wallis will no doubt gain greater confidence and probably at some future date may be heard of to advantage. Knifton burdened with less weight would render a good account of himself.

THE collar-and-elbow wrestling championship is still a bone of contention and there is not the least doubt but that if H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass., who claims to be the champion, would put up his money and agree to wrestle that he could arrange a match with John McMahon, who has proved beyond all question that he is the champion. Recently McMahon posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE and challenged Dufur to wrestle for the collar-and-elbow championship of America and \$250 or upwards. Dufur instead of covering McMahon's money in a business like manner and agreeing to meet the champion, refused point blank to do so and sent the following misstatement to the Boston Globe:

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 13, 1893.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY GLOBE:

I cannot express my indignation in regard to an article published in last week's POLICE GAZETTE from R. K. Fox and John McMahon. Their weakly statement appears weekly. They have forgotten, I guess, how myself and backer were at the GAZETTE office a few days since with money to make a match, and both McMahon and Fox went so far in it that it will be impossible for them to get out before spring. I offered everything that was fair but to no purpose. I offered to wrestle by the GAZETTE rules if I could be allowed a voice in the selection of a referee. Mr. Fox says in his late article that I am afraid. I acknowledge that I am afraid of him. McMahon and Fox would not insist upon my wrestling by their rules and referee if they intended to be fair with me. I will wrestle by their rules and allow the sporting editors of the Globe and Clipper to select the referee, as stated in a previous letter, and I will abide by their decision but I cannot accept of a challenge where my opponent makes rules and appoints the referee. I forward \$100 to cover any deposit that McMahon may make according to the above statement. Now I ask Mr. McMahon to cover my money and meet me on the square or stop this POLICE GAZETTE talk. H. M. DUFUR.

McMahon, who is really anxious to wrestle Dufur, on perusing the latter's epistle forwarded the following to the Boston Globe:

NEW YORK, Jan. 17, 1893.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE BOSTON GLOBE:

SIR: I am both surprised and amused at a card in your issue of Jan. 4, 1893, from H. M. Dufur, asserting that he and his backer called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and offered to put up money to wrestle me a match. That this assertion is not true can be proven by the fact that I have had a deposit with the POLICE GAZETTE for the past twelve months to wrestle any man in the world, Dufur preferred. I am still prepared to wrestle any man, Dufur still preferred, and so far from insisting that Richard K. Fox select the referee I am willing that the representatives of the following leading papers choose that official: Boston Globe, N. Y. Sun and the POLICE GAZETTE. Can Dufur still object, or will he have another epistle ready for this emergency? I am growing weary of this continual offering of excuses, and have come to the conclusion that he prefers making pantaloons in Marlboro to wrestling anywhere.

JOHN MCMAHON.

Champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of the world. There is only one thing to say about Dufur and McMahon. They have met once at Music Hall, Boston, March 17, 1879. The contest lasted six hours and fifty minutes, when the match was declared a draw. In this contest Dufur broke both holds and McMahon fairly threw him, but the referee, John Ennis, who was appointed by the Spirit of the Times, Boston Herald and the late Frank Queen's paper, did not allow McMahon the fall. This may be attributed to Ennis' not understanding collar-and-elbow wrestling. McMahon says: Ennis, the referee, knew just as much about wrestling as a pig knows about a sofa. He says further, that Dufur is a looking glass wrestler and afraid to lose his little reputation or have his pocket touched.

Tom Sayers' battles illustrated by rounds in the grand pictorial supplement to be given away with No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE.



THE Lancashire match between John Tange and George Wrench to wrestle one back fall for \$250, was resumed at Oldham, Eng., on Jan. 3. The men met for the first time on the 1st of Jan., when after meeting at each other for 23m. hostilities were postponed. The second meeting ended in a draw, as neither could gain a fall.

#### A SECOND PRIZE OF \$10,000.

Mr. John T. Garvin, the Metropolitan horse car driver, who drew a prize of \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery about a year ago, has just drawn another prize of \$10,000. Truly a handsome Christmas present. Last year when his good luck was at its height, he was spending Thanksgiving with his relatives in the country, and this year when the good news came to Boston he was on a Christmas visit. On Saturday he called at our office and assured us that the story was true. He had just received information through the Continental National Bank that the ticket was cashed, and that the money was on its way home. He said that he held parts of five tickets, and that one of them drew the capital prize of \$15,000, of which he held one-tenth. He says he intends to continue to invest moderately, as he doesn't know of an easier way to make a fortune. After drawing the prize last year he invested his money in bonds and savings banks, and continued on the road till August, when he resigned, in order to attend to his invalid wife, who has now partially recovered her health. He now proposes to go into the grocery business. Mr. Garvin is about 54 years old, and is a fine specimen of a New Hampshire boy. He is strictly temperate in his habits, using neither liquor nor tobacco, and seems to have a well-balanced mind, so that there is no danger of his misusing his suddenly acquired riches. He now resides at No. 26 Willard Place, South end, with more comfortable surroundings than he had a year ago, when he was living on \$1.75 per day. Of course his second streak of luck has increased the excitement among his numerous acquaintances, and they are convinced that a small sum of money invested in a lottery ticket is not entirely thrown away. —From the Boston Commercial and Shipping List, of January 31.

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29 and 31 Beekman Street, New York.

Matrimonial Globe.—The Spiciest Paper published. Each number contains over one hundred advertisements of ladies and gents wanting correspondents. Simple copy, securely wrapped, ten cents (silver). Address THE GLOBE, 240 2nd street, Chicago, Ill.

For sale: a Westley Richards 13 gauge hammerless shot gun in English case with all the fittings complete; also shell case to carry 100 shells. Outfit cost \$450; owner has no time to use it; has never been fired over 100 times; everything as good as new; will take \$300; address SPORTSMAN, box 505, New Brighton, Pa.

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Divorces quietly, in a month; any state; all causes; advice free. MUNRO ADAMS, 181 B'way, N. Y. City.

\$6 a week in your own town. Terms and outfit free. H. HALLIST & Co., Portland, Maine.

30 Gift Edge Commemorative Cards, with Name and elegant case, 10c. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

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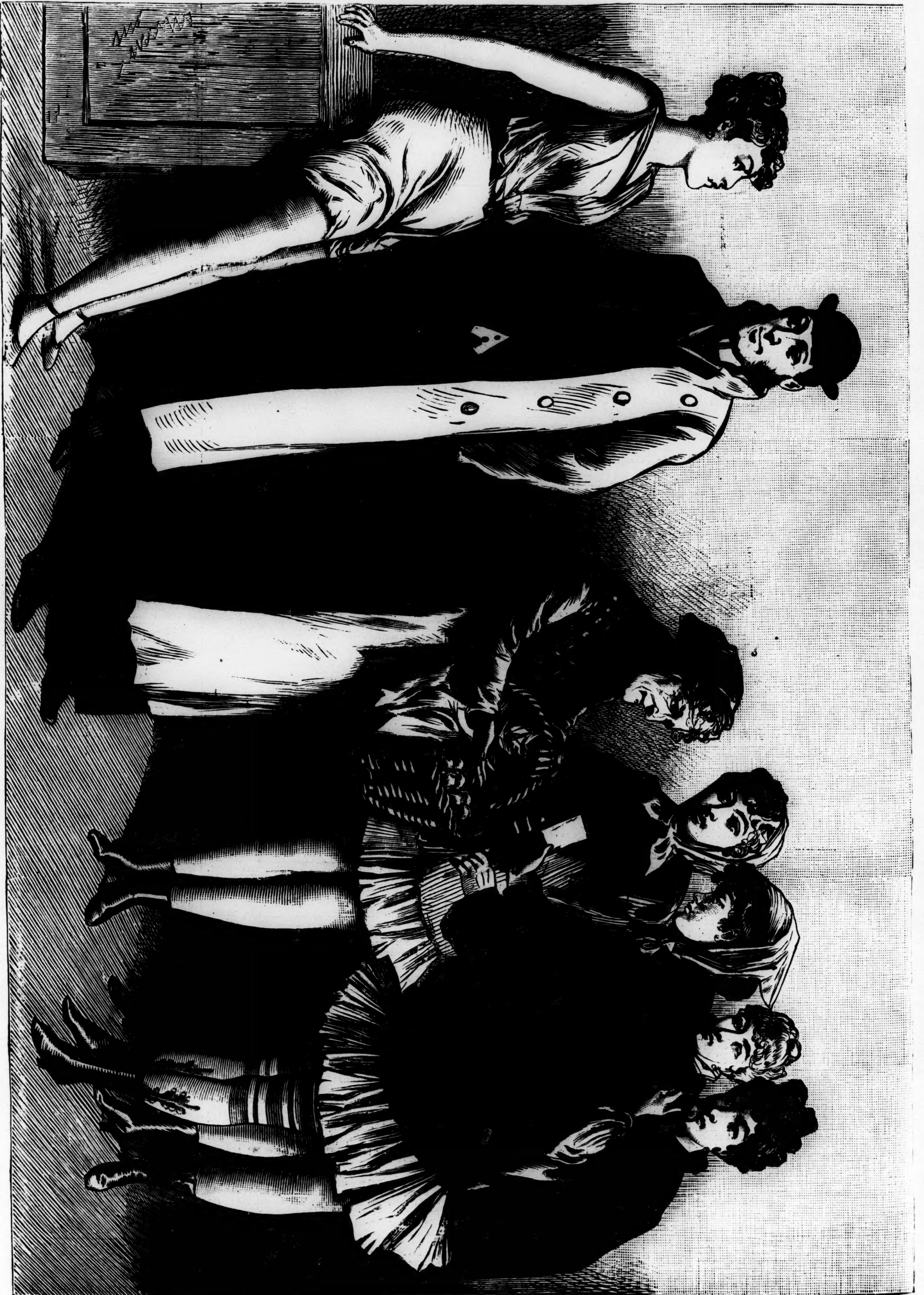
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